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SPARE MINUTE SERIES.

LIVING TRUTHS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

SELECTED BY

E. E. BROWN

A

INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

IT is the fate of many thinkers to make their thoughts so common to all the world that what they have to say seems nothing new to the generations succeeding their own. None but their contemporaries can know them to have been prophets, with fresh truth to reveal. We to whom *Hypatia*, and *Yeast*, and *Alton Locke* were like messages from on high, must not expect that newer men will open Kingsley's books with the same sense of standing face to face with a man of God. What he said has been said so often since by himself, as well as by others, that it no longer has the consecration that it once had.

Yet it remains the truth, and, what is better, he remains true in it: a most earnest, ardent, devout and striving soul, full of goodwill to men, and of reverent love to God. He had his limitations on every side, intellectual, spiritual and moral; and he made some lamentable mistakes, both in thinking and doing; but at the end and to the end he continued a man of just aspirations and generous hopes for mankind, and of a sturdy belief no less in earth than in heaven. He came into the world at a time when Christianity needed to be muscularized; he preached a red-blooded goodness; and it is not his blame if the muscular Christianity which he invented became a little brutal; that is the danger of robust strength, as it is also the danger of weakness. From the authorship of *Alton Locke* to the championship of Governor Eyre is a long descent; but those who have followed Kingsley all the way to that

disastrous error, cannot believe that at any moment he ceased to love the truth, though he ceased to see it.

His ideal was duty, and he never failed to preach it and to strive for it. His life sometimes seems a long unrest, an anguish for duty's sake ; yet it was righteousness as far as possible from asceticism which he inculcated. Once his sympathy with helplessness and suffering seemed to fail him ; but for the rest his career was one of constant endeavor for humanity. He had a tender and loving heart, as those may see who read the touching and beautiful record of his life which his wife has left ; and if we could sometimes wish him a greater willingness to see the beauty and wisdom of repose, we cannot deny our admiration to his valiant and philanthropic activity.

This little book seems to me singularly full in its representation of the didactic side of his mind. It is fervent in appeal at every page, strong in faith, and luminous and penetrating in exhortation. One cannot read it without feeling the brotherhood of a soul that has suffered and has learned through suffering that there is but one great thing for men to do in this world, and that is to do right.

W. D. HOWELLS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holne, in Devonshire county, England, on the 12th of June, 1819. His father, at that time vicar of Holne, was a man of unusual culture, and was somewhat of an artist as well as a fine linguist and keen sportsman. His mother, a woman of remarkable ability, was a daughter of Nathan Lucas, of Farley Hall, Barbadoes.

"Our talent, such as it is," writes Charles Kingsley to Mr. Galton, "is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, and she combined with it my father's passion for knowledge."

While inheriting from his father's side his love of art and his sporting tastes, Charles strongly resembled his mother in his force and originality of character, as well as in the romance of his nature. He was a delicate but precocious child, and began to write both poems and sermons at the mature age of four years! His conscientiousness was a marked trait of character even at this early age, and an old nurse of the family writes of him as follows: "I have never forgotten one day when he and his little brothers were playing together, and had a difference, which seldom happened. His mother, coming into the room, took the brothers' part, which he

resented, and he said he wished she was not his mother. His grief afterwards was great, and he came crying bitterly to the kitchen door to ask me to take him up to his room. The housemaid inquired what was the matter, and said his mamma would be sure to forgive him. 'She *has* forgiven me,' he exclaimed, 'but don't *cant*, Elizabeth — I saw you blush. It isn't mamma's forgiveness I want now, but God's.' "

When Charles was about five years old his father was offered the living of Barnack, which he held for six years. The Fen scenery with its wide sweep of horizon and gorgeous sunsets was associated in the boy's mind with his earliest sporting recollections, and it was here doubtless that the first seeds were sown of the story of *Hereward the Wake*. In 1830 the family removed to Clovelly, on the rocky Devonshire coast. Here Charles and his brothers had their boat and their ponies, and began with an enthusiasm shared by their parents the practical study of natural history. The little parish at Clovelly was largely composed of simple fisher folk, and "When the herring fleet put to sea, whatever the weather might be, the Rector, accompanied by his wife and boys, would start off for the quay to give a short parting service, at which 'men who worked' and 'women who wept' would join in singing out of the old Prayer Book version the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm as only those can who have death and danger staring them in the face." The song of *The Three Fishers* was a tragedy of real life—not a mere poetical fancy. "Now that you have seen Clovelly," said Charles Kingsley in after years to his wife, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you." After studying at home with a private tutor, the Kingsley boys were sent to Clifton to a preparatory school under the Rev. John Knight, who speaks of Charles as "an affectionate boy, gentle, and fond of quiet; capable of making re-

markable translations of Latin verse into English, and a passionate lover of natural history."

Kingsley always regretted his parents' decision not to send him to a public school. Nothing but that, he thought, would have conquered his constitutional shyness which was, of course, greatly increased by a certain hesitation in his speech. This hesitation was throughout life a constant thorn in the flesh to him, and it is said that he "seldom entered a room, or spoke in private or public without a feeling, at moments amounting to terror, when he could have wished the earth would open and swallow him up there and then."

In 1836 the free, happy life of Clovelly was exchanged, greatly to the grief of the Kingsley boys, for London scenes, and the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea. For the next two years Charles was hard at work at King's College, "walking up there every day from Chelsea, reading all the way, and walking home late to study all the evening."

In the autumn of 1838 he left King's College for Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he soon gained a scholarship. The following summer his father, needing a change of air, took charge of the parish of Checkenden for a few months. It was here that the young student met for the first time Miss Fanny Grenfell, his future wife; and although for the next four years and a half they seldom saw one another, and corresponded only at long intervals, a new and refining impulse was henceforth given to all of Kingsley's hopes and dreams.

At the time he met Miss Grenfell he was passing through a severe ordeal of doubt and despondency.

"I strive daily and hourly to be calm," he writes from Cambridge. "Every few minutes I stop myself forcibly, and recall my mind to a sense of where I am — where I am going — and whither I ought to be tending. This is most painful discipline, but wholesome, and much as I dread to

look inward, I force myself to it continually." From Sully, June 12th, 1841, he writes :

" My birthnight. I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God ; a vow never (if he gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled."

It was during the spring of this year that he decided to study for the ministry. His name had been down as a law student at Lincoln's Inn, but he now felt a higher call, and yielded at once to his convictions of duty. He graduated at Cambridge in 1842 with high honors, as senior optime in mathematics, and first-class in classics. The following spring he received the offer of two curacies, one at Kingsley, the other at Eversley. He chose the latter, little thinking at the time that the quiet parish with its pretty, fir-embowered hamlets, was to be his home for more than thirty years.

In 1844 he was appointed rector of Eversley, and his marriage to Miss Grenfell took place soon after. It was during this summer that he made the acquaintance of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose writings had already exerted a powerful influence over him. A warm and lasting friendship sprang up between them ; and in their identification with the Broad Church party and their deep, active sympathy with every effort to elevate the working classes, the names of Maurice and Kingsley will always be associated together. *The Saints' Tragedy*, a dramatic poem founded upon the history of Elizabeth of Hungary, published in 1848, was destined to excite a great deal of harsh criticism from the High Church party.

The publication of *Yeast*, which came out later in the year as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine*, occasioned still more bitter enmity against the rector of Eversley ; and his participation

the next year in the Chartist movement was misinterpreted even by his friends.

"I will not be a liar," he wrote to his wife; "I will speak in season and out of season. I will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I will not take counsel with flesh and blood, and flatter myself into the dream that while every man on earth, from Maurice back to Abel, who ever tried to testify against the world, has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best, and understood best, I alone am to escape. My path is clear, and I will follow in it." At one of the Monday evening gatherings at Maurice's, he found himself in a minority of one, and playfully remarked that "he felt much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain, when he seemed as one that mocked to his sons-in-law." The name "Parson Lot" was then and there suggested, and it was under this nom de plume that most of his political tracts and pamphlets were written.

In the autumn of this memorable year, his health broke down completely, and he was obliged to give up his parochial work for a number of months. While wandering on the sea-shore, however, in pursuit of health, his brain was dreaming over *The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet*, which finally developed into *Alton Locke*. Throughout life his habit of writing was, first of all, to thoroughly master his subject *out in the open air*. "He would never put pen to paper till his ideas were clothed in words, and these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered. For a number of years the writing was all done by his wife from dictation, as he walked restlessly up and down the room."

Hypatia was begun as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1851, and frequent contributions from Kingsley may also be found in the *Christian Socialist* and other periodicals of that year. The winter and spring of 1854 were spent

in Torquay, a leave of absence from his parish having been granted him on account of his wife's health. His sea-shore studies here developed into *Glaucus*, which contains not only sketches of natural history, but some of his deepest and most interesting thoughts on the "transmutation theory," and *Vestiges of Creation*. As his wife's health forbade their returning to a colder climate, he settled with his family at Bideford, and his surroundings here for the next twelve months are graphically depicted in the opening pages of *Westward Ho!*

In the summer of 1856 he took, with his friends Thomas Hughes and Thomas Taylor, a trip to Snowden, which resulted in the writing of *Two Years Ago*. In 1860 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and during the winter of 1860-61 he gave private lectures to the Prince of Wales, who had just left Oxford. In 1863, his name was proposed by Sir Charles Bunbury and seconded by Sir Charles Lyell, as a fellow of the Geological Society. He undertook the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine* while Mr. Froude was in Spain, delivered several courses of lectures and wrote a number of books for children in addition to his other labors, but his health failing him again, he was obliged to give up all work, and in the winter of 1869 he embarked with his daughter for the West Indies.

It was the dream of his life to see the rich tropical land so vividly described to him in boyhood by his mother, and in his delightful volume *At Last*, we have an interesting record of the seven months he spent among these beautiful islands. A few years before, he had entered upon his duties as Canon of Chester, and in 1874 he was offered the Canonry of Westminster.

His visit to the United States that same year was a much-needed rest and relaxation to him.

"I never want medicine or tonic here," he writes from New York, "but one cannot do as much here as at home. All say

so, and I find it so. One can go faster for awhile, but gets exhausted sooner. As for the people, they are quite charming. . . . Mr. Longfellow and others warn me not to let this over-stimulating climate tempt me to over-work. One feels ready to do any thing, and then suddenly very tired. But I am at rest now."

On his return to England in the sultry August weather, he found much sickness among his parishioners at Eversley; and in his ever-ready sympathy he over-taxed his own delicate frame. The dangerous illness of his wife at this time was a great shock to him, and when he was told there was no hope, he said, "My own death-warrant is signed with those words." On Advent Sunday he preached his last sermon in Westminster Abbey, and closed with these words:

"Let us say in utter faith, 'Come as thou seest best. But in whatsoever way thou comest — even so come Lord Jesus.'"

On the 28th of December he was seized with a severe attack of pneumonia, from which he never rallied.

"It is all right," he would frequently repeat to himself, "all *under rule*."

His last audible words were a portion of the beautiful Burial Service; and just before noon upon the 23d of January, 1875, he passed away without a struggle. The sad tidings of his death cast a gloom over the whole country. Dean Stanley immediately offered a place in Westminster Abbey "to the Canon and the Poet;" but, according to his own wishes, Charles Kingsley was buried in the quiet little churchyard at Eversley.

Above his grave his wife has placed a white marble cross, and just under a spray of his favorite passion-flower are these words, chosen by himself:

"AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS."

E. E. B.

LIVING TRUTHS.

I.

WE are neither to regret the past nor rest satisfied in the present ; but, like St. Paul, forgetting those things that are behind us, and reaching onward to those things that are before us, press forward, each and all, to the prize of our high calling in Jesus Christ.

And, as with nations and empires, so with our own private lives. It is not wise to ask why the former times were better than these. It is natural, pardonable, but not wise ; because we are so apt to mistake the subject about which we ask, and when we say, "Why were the old times better?" merely to mean "Why were the old times happier?" That is not the question. There is something higher than happiness, says a wise man. There is blessedness ; the blessedness of being good and doing good, of being right and doing right. That blessedness we may have at all times. We may be blest even

in anxiety and in sadness. We may be blest even as the martyrs of old were blest, in agony and death. The times are to us whatsoever our character makes them. And if we are better men than we were in former times, then is the present better than the past, even though it be less happy. And why should it not be better? Surely the Spirit of God, the spirit of progress and improvement, is working in us, the children of God, as well as in the great world around. Surely the years ought to have made us better, more useful, more worthy. We may have been disappointed in our lofty ideas of what ought to be done; but we may have gained more clear and practical notions of what can be done. We may have lost in enthusiasm, and yet gained in earnestness. We may have lost in sensibility, yet gained in charity, activity, and power. We may be able to do far less, and yet what we do may be far better done.

And our very griefs and disappointments — have they been useless to us? Surely not. We shall have gained, instead of lost, by them, if the Spirit of God be working in us. Our sorrows will have wrought in us patience, our patience experience of God's sustaining grace, who promises that, as our day our strength shall be; and of God's tender providence, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and lays on none a burden beyond what they are able

to bear. And that experience will have worked in us hope; hope that he who has led us thus far will lead us farther still; that he who brought us through the trials of youth will bring us through the trials of age; that he who taught us in former days precious lessons, will teach us in the days to come fresh lessons by temptations which we shall be more able to endure, and by joys which, though unlike those of old times, are no less sacred, no less sent as lessons to our souls, by him from whom all good gifts come.

We will believe this. And instead of inquiring why the former days were better than these, we will trust that the coming days shall be better than these, and those which are coming after them better still again, because God is our Father, Christ our Saviour; the Holy Ghost our Comforter and Guide. We will toil onward, because we know we are toiling upward. We will live in hope, not in regret; because hope is the only state of mind fit for a race for whom God has condescended to stoop and suffer, and die, and rise again. We will believe that we, and all we love, whether in earth or Heaven, are destined—if we be only true to God's Spirit—to rise, improve, progress forever: and so we will claim our share, and keep our place, in that vast ascending and improving scale of being, which, as some dream—and surely not in vain—

goes onward and upward forever throughout the universe of him who wills that none should perish.

II.

Let no man peering down
Through the dim, glittering mine of future years,
Say to himself, "Too much! this cannot be!"
To-day and custom wall up our horizon:
Before the hourly miracle of life
Blindfold we stand, and sigh, as though God were
not.

I have wandered in the mountains, mist-bewildered,
And now a breeze comes, and the veil is lifted,
And priceless flowers, o'er which I trod unheeding,
Gleam ready for my grasp.

III.

Science has taught men to admire where they used to dread; to rule where they used to obey; to employ for harmless uses what they were once afraid to touch; and where they once saw only fiends, to see the orderly and beneficent laws of the all-good and almighty God. Everywhere, as the work of nature is unfolded to our eyes, we see beauty, order, mutual use, the offspring of perfect Love as well as perfect Wisdom. Everywhere we

are finding means to employ the secret forces of nature for our own benefit, or to ward off physical evils which seemed to our forefathers as inevitable, supernatural. And, even the pestilence, instead of being, as was once fancied, the capricious and miraculous infliction of some demon—the pestilence itself is found to be an orderly result of the same laws by which the sun shines and the herb grows; a product of nature; and therefore subject to man, to be prevented and extirpated by him if he will.

IV.

Forward! hark! forward's the cry!

One more fence and we're out on the open!

So to us at once, if you want to live near us—

Follow them, hark to them, darlings! as on they go,

Leaping and sweeping down into the vale below!

Cowards and bunglers whose heart or whose eye
is slow

Find themselves staring alone.

So the great cause flashes by,

Nearer and clearer its purposes open,

While louder and louder the world-echoes cheer us:

Gentlemen, sportsmen, you *ought* to live up to us,

Lift us and lead us, and halloo our game to us—

We cannot take the hounds off, and no shame to us—

Don't be left staring alone.

V.

The life of our souls is in some respects like the life of a plant. Why do you plant any thing, but in order that it may grow, and become larger, stronger, bear flower and fruit? Be sure God has planted us in his garden, Christ's Church, for no other reason. Consider again: What is life but a continual growing, or a continual decaying? If a tree does not get larger and stronger year by year, is not that a sure sign that it is unhealthy, and that decay has begun in it; that it is unsound at heart? And what happens then? It begins to become weaker and smaller, and cankered and choked with scurf and moss till it dies. If a tree is not growing, it is sure in the long run to be dying; and so are our souls. If they are not growing, they are dying; if they are not getting better, they are getting worse. This is why the Bible compares our souls to trees; not out of a mere pretty fancy of poetry, but for a great, awful, deep, world-wide lesson, that every tree in the fields may be a pattern, a warning, to us thoughtless men, that as that tree is meant to grow, so our souls are meant to grow. As that tree dies unless it grows, so our souls must die unless they grow. Consider that.

But how does a tree grow? How are our souls to grow? Now, here again, we shall understand

heavenly things best by taking and considering the pattern from among earthly things which the Bible gives us; the tree, I mean. A tree grows in two ways. Its roots take up food from the ground, its leaves take up food from the air. Its roots are its mouth, we may say, and its leaves are its lungs. Thus the tree draws nourishment from the earth beneath, and from the heaven above; and so must our souls. If they are to live and grow, they must have food both from earth and from heaven.

VI.

A floating, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

"Oh came you from the isles of Greece
Or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

"I came not off the Old World
Nor yet from off the New —
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through."

“Oh sing and wake the dawning —
Oh whistle for the wind;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind.”

“The current sweeps the Old World,
The current sweeps the New;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through.”

VII.

Why has God given us senses, eyes and ears and understanding? That by them we may feed our souls with things which we see and hear; things which are going on in the world around us.

We must read, and we must listen, and we must watch people and their sayings and doings, and what becomes of them, and we must try and act and practise what is right for ourselves: and so by using our eyes and ears and understandings we may feed our souls with earthly learning and experience. But is this enough? No, surely. Consider, again, God's example which he has given us — a tree. If you keep stripping all the leaves off a tree as fast as they grow, what becomes of it? It dies; because without leaves it cannot get nourishment from the air, and the rain, and the sun-

light. Again, if you shut up a tree where it can neither have rain, air, nor light, what happens? The tree certainly dies, though it may be planted in the very richest soil, and have the very strongest roots. And why? Because it can get no food from the sky above. So with our souls. If we get no food from above, our souls will die, though we have all the wit, and learning, and experience in the world. We must be fed and strengthened and satisfied with the grace of God from above; with the Spirit of God. Consider how the Bible speaks of God's Spirit as the breath of God; for the very word *spirit* means, originally, breath, or air, or gas, or a breeze of wind, showing us that as without the air of heaven the tree would become stunted and cankered, so our souls will without the fresh, purifying breath of God's Spirit.

VIII.

I heard an eagle crying all alone
Above the vineyards through the summer night,
Among the skeletons of robber towers—
The iron homes of iron-hearted lords,
Now crumbling back to ruin year by year—
Because the ancient eyrie of his race
Is trenched and walled by busy-handed men,
And all his forest-chase and woodland wild,

Wherefrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
Are trim with grapes, which smell from hour to hour
And toss their golden tendrils to the sun
For joy at their own riches:— So I thought,
The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
Idle and impotent, they know not why,
Down-staring from their barren height of state
On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
The puppets of the few, while peaceful love
And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth,
With wonders which they fear and hate, as he
The eagle hates the vineyard slopes below.

IX.

In spite of all man's sin, the world does prosper marvellously, miraculously; in spite of all the waste, destruction, idleness, ignorance, injustice, and folly which goes on in the world, mankind increases and replenishes the earth, and improves in comfort and in happiness; in spite of all, God is stronger than the devil, life stronger than death, wisdom stronger than folly, order stronger than disorder, fruitfulness stronger than destruction; and they will be so more and more, till the last great day, when Christ shall have put all enemies under his feet, and death is swallowed up in victory, and all mankind is one fold, under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ, the righteous King of all.

X.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!

Its storms roll up the sky:

A nation sleeps, starving on heaps of gold;

All dreamers toss and sigh;

The night is darkest before the dawn—

When the pain is sorest, the child is born,

And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—

Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;

Come! for the earth is grown coward and old—

Come down and renew us her youth.

Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring and Love,

Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,

Lo! the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—

Famine, and Plague, and War;

Idleness, Bigotry, Cant and Misrule,

Gather, and fall in the snare!

Hirelings and Mammonites, Pedants and Knaves

Crawl to the battle-field—sneak to your graves

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here?

True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age, too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work
to do,
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

XI.

If a man lives on in health, people say he lives by the strength of his own constitution; if he drops down dead, they say he died by "the visitation of God." If the corn-crops go on all right and safe, they think *that* quite natural—the effect of the soil, and the weather, and their own skill in farming and gardening. But if there comes a hail-storm or a blight, and spoils it all, and brings on a famine, they call it at once "a visitation of God." My friends! do you think God "visits" the earth or you only to harm you? I tell you that every blade of grass grows by "the visitation of God." I tell you that every healthy breath you ever drew, every cheerful hour you ever spent, every good crop you ever housed safely, came to you by "the visitation of God." I tell you that every sensible thought or plan that ever came into your heads, every loving, honest, manly feeling that ever rose in your hearts, God "visited" you to put it there.

If God's Spirit had not given it you, you would never have gotten it of yourselves.

XII.

We are too apt to say to ourselves, "Our earthly comforts here have nothing to do with godliness or God; God must save our souls, but our bodies we must save ourselves. God gives us spiritual blessings; but earthly blessings, the good things of this life, for them we must scramble and drudge ourselves, and get as much of them as we can without offending God." As if God grudged us our comforts! as if godliness had not the promise of this life as well as the life to come! If we would but believe that God knows our necessities before we ask; that he gives us daily more than we can ever get by working for it; if we would but seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things would be added to us; and we should find that he who loses his life should save it. And this way of looking at God's earth would not make us idle; it would not tempt us to sit with folded hands for God's blessings to drop into our mouths. No! I believe it would make men far more industrious than ever mere self-interest can make them; they would say, "God is our father; he gave his only Son; he gives us all things freely;

we owe him not slavish service, but a boundless debt of cheerful gratitude. Therefore we must do his will, and we are sure his will is that we should *work*, and therefore we *must* work. He has bidden us labor on this earth; he has bidden us dress it and keep it, conquer it and fill it for him. We are his stewards here on earth, and therefore it is a glory and an honor to be allowed to work here in God's own land; in our loving Father's own garden.

"They wait on Him," says David. The beasts, and birds, and insects, the strange fish, and shells, and the nameless corals, too, in the deep, deep sea, who build and build below the water for years and thousands of years, every little tiny creature bringing his atom of lime to add to the great heap, till their heap stands out of the water and becomes dry land; and seeds float thither over the wide, waste sea, and trees grow up, and birds are driven thither by storms; and men come by accident in stray ships, and build, and sow, and multiply, and raise churches and worship the God of Heaven, and Christ the blessed One, on that new land which the little coral-worms have built up from the deep. Consider that. Who sent them there? Who contrived that those particular men should light on that new island at that especial time? Who guided thither those seeds, those birds? Who

gave those insects that strange longing and power to build and build on continually? Christ, by whom all things are made, to whom all power is given in heaven and earth; he and his spirit, and none else. It is when he opens his hand they are filled with good. It is when he takes away their breath they die, and turn again to their dust. He lets his breath, his spirit go forth, and out of that dead dust grow plants and herbs afresh for man and beast, and he renews the face of the earth. For, says the wise man: "All things are God's garments" — outward and visible signs of his unseen and unapproachable glory; and when they are worn out, he changes them, says the Psalmist, as a garment, and they shall be changed.

The old order changes, giving place to the new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.

XIII.

Be sure that God would not have made man, and given him power, and sent him upon this earth, unless this earth had been a right, good and fit place for him. Be sure that if you obey the laws of this earth where God has put you, you will never need to be anxious or to fret; but you will prosper right well, you and your children after you.

For "Consider the fowls of the air, they neither sow nor reap and gather into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father feeds them; and are ye not much better than they?" Surely you are, for you can sow and reap and gather into barns. And if God makes the earth work so well that it feeds the fowls who cannot help themselves, how much more will the earth feed you who can help yourselves, because God has given you understanding and prudence.

But as for anxiety, fretting, repining, complaining to God, "Why hast Thou made me thus?" What use in that? "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Will all the fretting and anxiety in the world make you one foot or one inch taller than you are? Will it make you stronger, wiser, more able to help yourself? You are what you are; you can do what God has given you power to do. Trust him that he has made you strong enough and wise enough to earn your daily bread, and to prosper right well, if you will, upon this earth which he has made. And why be anxious about clothing? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." But man *can* toil, man *can* spin; your Heavenly Father has given to man the power of providing

clothes for himself, and not for himself only, but for others; so that while the man who tills the soil feeds the man who spins and weaves, the man who spins and weaves shall clothe the man who tills the soil; and the town shall work for the country, while the country feeds the town; and every man, if he does but labor where God has put him, shall produce comforts for human beings whom he never saw, who live, perhaps, in foreign lands across the sea. For so the Heavenly Father has knit together the great family of man in one blessed bond of mutual need and mutual usefulness all over the world.

XIV.

Far among the lonely hills,
As I lay beside my sheep,
Rest came down upon my soul,
From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even;
And the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea;

All around is forethought sure,
Fixed will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main?
Will the potter heed the clay?
Mortal! where the spirit drives,
Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive;
Where thy path is thou shalt go;
He who made the stream of time
Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

XV.

As you grow older, you will see more and more the depth of human ignorance, the vanity of human endeavors. You will feel more and more that the world is going God's way, and not yours, or mine, or any man's; and that if you have been allowed to do good work on earth, that work is probably as different from what you fancy it as the tree is different from the seed whence it springs. You will grow content, therefore, not to see the real fruit of your labors; because if you saw it you would probably be frightened at it, and what is very good in the eyes of God would not be very good in yours; content, also, to receive your discharge

and work and fight no more, sure that God is working and fighting, whether you are in hospital or in the field. And with this growing sense of the pettiness of human struggles will grow on you a respect for simple labors, a thankfulness for simple pleasures, a sympathy with simple people.

XVI.

A beautiful October morning it was. One of those in which Dame Nature, healthily tired with the revelry of summer, is composing herself with a quiet, satisfied smile for her winter's sleep. Sheets of dappled cloud were sliding slowly from the west; long bars of hazy blue hung over the southern chalk-downs, which gleamed pearly gray beneath the low southeastern sun. In the vale below, soft white flakes of mist still hung over the water-meadows, and barred the dark trunks of the huge elms and poplars, whose fast yellowing leaves came showering down at every rustle of the western breeze, spotting the grass below. The river smiled along, glassy no more, but dingy gray with autumn rains and rotten leaves. All beyond the garden told of autumn; bright and peaceful, even in decay. But up the sunny slope of the garden itself, and to the very window-sill, summer still lingered. The beds

of red verbena and geranium were still brilliant, though choked with fallen leaves of acacia and plane; the canary plant, still untouched by frost, twined its delicate green leaves and more delicate yellow blossoms, through the crimson lacework of the Virginia creeper; and the great yellow noisette swung its long canes across the window, filling all the air with fruity fragrance.

And the good doctor, lifting his eyes from his microscope, looked out upon it all with a quiet satisfaction, and, though his lips did not move, his eyes seemed to be thanking God for it all; and thanking him, too, perhaps, that he was still permitted to gaze upon that fair world outside. For as he gazed, he started as if with sudden pain, and passed his hand across his eyes with something like a sigh, and then looked at the microscope no more, but sat, seemingly absorbed in thought, while upon his delicate, toil-worn features, and high, bland, unwrinkled forehead, and the few soft, gray locks which not time—for he was scarcely fifty-five—but long labor of brain had spared to him, there lay a hopeful calm, as of a man who had nigh done his work, and felt that he had not altogether done it ill—an autumnal calm, resigned, yet full of cheerfulness, which harmonized fitly with the quiet beauty of the decaying landscape before him.

XVII.

Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being at least a little wiser, or a little happier, or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter. Easier, because if you wish to do God's work, God will surely find you work to do; and pleasanter, because in return for the little trouble it may cost you, or the little choking of foolish, vulgar pride it may cost you, you will have a peace of mind, a quiet of temper, a cheerfulness and hopefulness about yourself and all around you, such as you never felt before; and over and above that, if you look for a reward in the life to come, recollect this: What we have to hope for in the life to come is to enter into the joy of our Lord. And how did he fulfil that joy, but by humbling himself, and taking the form of a slave, and coming, not to be ministered to, but to minister, and to give his whole life, even to the death upon the cross, a ransom for many. Be sure that unless you take up his cross you will never share his crown; be sure that unless you follow in his footsteps you will never reach the place where he is. If you wish to enter into the joy of your Lord, be sure that his joy is now, as it was in Judea of old, over every sinner

that repenteth, every mourner that is comforted, every hungry mouth that is fed, every poor soul, sick or in prison, who is visited.

XVIII.

Did it ever strike you that goodness is not merely *a* beautiful thing, but *the* beautiful thing; by far the most beautiful thing in the world; and that badness is not merely *an* ugly thing, but *the* ugliest thing in the world? so that nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; that riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it, are not worth having, in comparison with being good; and the utterly best thing for a man is to be good, even though he were never to be rewarded for it; and the utterly worst thing for a man is to be bad, even though he were never to be punished for it; and, in a word, goodness is the only thing worth loving, and badness the only thing worth hating.

Did you ever feel this, my friends? Happy are those among you who have felt it; for of you the Lord says, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Ay, happy are you who have felt it; for it is the sign, the very and true sign, that the Holy Spirit of God, who is the Spirit of goodness, is working in your hearts with power, revealing to you the exceeding beauty of

holiness, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

XIX.

Did it never strike you, again — as it has me — and all the world has looked different to me since I found it out — that there must be ONE in whom all goodness is gathered together; ONE who must be perfectly and absolutely good?

And did it never strike you that all the goodness in the world must, in some way or other, come from HIM? I believe that our hearts and reasons, if we will listen fairly to them, tell us that it must be so; and I am certain that the Bible tells us so, from beginning to end. When we see the million raindrops of the shower, we say, with reason, there must be one great sea, from which all these drops have come. When we see the countless rays of light, we say with reason, there must be one great central sun from which all these are shed forth. And when we see, as it were, countless drops, and countless rays of goodness scattered about in the world, a little good in this man, and a little good in that, shall we not say, there must be one great sea, one central sun of goodness, from whence all human goodness comes? And where can that centre of goodness be, but in the very character of God himself?

Yes, my friends, if you would know what God is, think of all the noble, beautiful, lovable actions,

tempers, feelings, which you ever saw or heard of. Think of all the good, and admirable, and lovable people whom you ever met ; and fancy to yourselves all that goodness, nobleness, admirableness, lovable-ness, and millions of times more, gathered together in one, to make one perfectly good character — and then you have some faint notion of God, some dim sight of God, who is the eternal and perfect Goodness.

It is but a faint notion, no doubt, that the best man can have of God's goodness, so dull has sin made our hearts and brains : but let us comfort ourselves with this thought : That the more we learn to love what is good, the more we accustom ourselves to think of good people and good things, and to ask ourselves why and how this action and that is good, the more shall we be able to see the goodness of God. And to see that, even for a moment, is worth all sights in earth or heaven.

XX.

As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor weak image and reflection of him, yet from him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of love.

XXI.

If a man in the struggle of life sees God and Christ and duty all around him, that thought will be a helmet for his head. It will keep his brain and mind clear, quiet, prudent to perceive and know what things he ought to do. It will give him that Divine wisdom, of which Solomon says in his proverbs, that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord.

XXII.

It is nobler far to do the most commonplace duty, in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty, simply because it must be done; nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed, with a double mind and saying to yourself not only—"This will be a brilliant deed," but also—"and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off, into the bargain. Heroism knows no "into the bargain."

XXIII.

Our Father hears the man who cries to him, however clumsily, for light and strength to do his duty. So it is; so it has been always; so it will

be to the end. And then, as the man's day, so his strength will be. He may be utterly puzzled, utterly down-hearted, utterly hopeless: but the day comes to him in which he is baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. He begins to have a right judgment; to see clearly what he ought to do, and how to do it. He grows more shrewd, more prompt, more steady than he ever has been before. And there comes a fire into his heart, such as there never was before; a spirit and a determination which nothing can daunt or break, which makes him bold, cheerful, earnest in the face of the anxiety and danger which would have, at any other time, broken his heart. The man is lifted by it above himself, and carried on through his work, he hardly knows how, till he succeeds nobly, or, if he fails, fails nobly; and be the end as it may, he gets the work done which God has given him to do.

XXIV.

If thou art living a righteous and a useful life, doing thy duty orderly and cheerfully where God has put thee, then thou art making sweeter melody in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than if thou hadst the throat of a nightingale; for then thou in thy humble place art humbly copying the

everlasting harmony and melody which is in Heaven ; the everlasting harmony and melody by which God made the world and all that therein is, and behold it was very good, in the day when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy over the new-created earth, which God had made to be a pattern of his own perfection.

XXV.

The feeling that gives a man true courage is the sense of duty. Let men, women or children once feel that they have a duty to perform ; let them once say to themselves, "I am bound to do this thing ; it is right for me to do this thing ; I owe it as a duty to my family ; I owe it as a duty to my country ; I owe it as a duty to God, who called me into this station in life ; I owe it as a duty to Jesus Christ, who bought me with his blood, that I might do his will and not my own pleasure." When a man has once said that *honestly* to himself, when that glorious, heavenly thought "*It is my duty,*" has risen upon his soul, like the sun upon the earth, warming his heart and enlightening it, and making it bring forth all good and noble fruits, then that man will feel a strength come to him and a courage from God above, which will conquer all his fears and

his selfish love of ease and pleasure, and enable him to bear insults, and pain, and poverty, and death itself, provided he can but do what is right and be found by God, whatever happens to him, working God's will where God has put him. This is fortitude; this is true courage; this is Christ's likeness. As for doing fine things, I have learnt to believe that I am not set to do fine things, simply because I am not able to do them; and as for seeing fine things, I have learnt to see the sight—as well as to try to do the duty—which lies nearest me; and to comfort myself with the fancy that if I make good use of my eyes and brain in this life, I shall see—if it be of any use to me—all the fine things, or perhaps finer still, in the life to come. But if not, what matter? In any life, in any state, however simple or humble, there will be always sufficient to occupy a minute philosopher; and if a man be busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require, for time or for eternity?

XXVI.

Nothing is more expensive than penuriousness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

XXVII.

Thy duty is thy good, the good out of which, if thou doest it, all good things such as thou canst not now conceive to thyself, must necessarily spring up for thee forever; but which if thou neglectest thou wilt be in danger of getting no good things whatsoever, and of having all evil things, mishap, shame, and misery such as thou canst not now conceive of, spring up for thee necessarily forever.

XVIII.

Duty, be it in a small matter or a great, is duty still; the command of Heaven, the eldest voice of God. And it is only they who are faithful in a few things who will be faithful over many things; only they who do their duty in every-day and trivial matters, who will fulfill them on great occasions.

XXIX.

Keep God always before your eyes. Ask yourself in every action, "What is right, what is my duty, what would God have me do?" And so far from finding it unpleasant, you will find that

you are saving yourself a thousand troubles, and sorrows, and petty anxieties which now trouble you; you will find that in God's presence is life, the only life worth having; and that at his right hand are pleasures for evermore. Oh be sure that in real happiness you will not lose, but gain without end. If to have a clear conscience and a quiet mind; if to be free from anxiety and discontent, free from fear and shame; if to be loved, respected, looked up to by all whose good work is worth having, and to know that God approves of you, that all day long God is with you, and you with God, that his loving and mighty arms are under you, that he has promised to keep you in all your ways, to prosper all you do, and reward you for ever, if this be not happiness, what is?

XXX.

I do not care for grace in man, woman, or animal, which is obtained (as in the old German painters) at the expense of honest flesh and blood. It may be all very pure and unearthly and saintly, and what not; but it is not healthy, and therefore it is not really High Art, let it call itself such as much as it likes. The highest art must be that in which the outward is the most perfect

symbol of the inward; and therefore a healthy soul can be only expressed by a healthy body; and starved limbs and a hydrocephalus forehead must be either taken as incorrect symbols of spiritual excellence, or as what they were really meant for—symbols of certain spiritual diseases which were in the middle age considered as ecclesiastical graces and virtues. Wherefore I like pagan and naturalist art; consider Titian and Correggio as unappreciated geniuses, whose excellences the world will in some saner mood re-discover; hold, in direct opposition to Rio, that Raphael improved steadily all his life through, and that his noblest works are not his somewhat simpering Madonnas and somewhat impish Bambinos (very lovely though they are), but his great, coarse, naturalist, Protestant cartoons, which (with Andrea Mantegna's Heathen Triumph) Cromwell saved for the British nation. Probably no one will agree with all this for the next quarter of a century; but after that I have hopes. The world will grow tired of pretending to admire Manichæus pictures in an age of natural science; and Art will let the dead bury their dead, and beginning again where Michael Angelo and Raphael left off, work forward into a nobler, truer, freer, and more divine school than the world has yet seen—at least, so I hope.

XXXI.

“You used to believe in Zeuxis and Parrhasius in old times.”

“Yes, as long as I believed in Fuseli’s Lectures; but when I saw at Pompeii the ancient paintings which still remain to us, my faith in their powers received its first shock; and when I re-read in the Lectures of Fuseli and his school all their extravagant praises of the Greek painters, and separated their few facts fairly out from among the floods of cant on which they floated, I came to the conclusion that the ancients knew as little of color or chiaro-oscuro as they did of perspective, and as little of spiritual expression as they did of landscape painting. What do I care for the birds pecking at Zeuxis’s grapes, or Zeuxis himself trying to draw back Parrhasius’s curtain? Imitative art is the lowest trickery. There are twenty men now in England capable of the same slight of hand; and yet these are recorded as the very highest triumphs of ancient art by the only men who have handed down to us any record of it.”

“It may be so; or again, it may not. But do not fancy, Claude, that classic sculpture has finished its work on earth. You know that it has taught you what Gothic art could never teach—the ideal of physical health and strength. Believe that

it exists and will exist to remind the puny town-dweller of the existence of that ideal; to say to the artisan, every time he looks upon a statue, such God intended you to be; such you may be; such your class will be in some future healthy state of civilization, when sanitary reform and social science shall be accepted and carried out as primary duties of a government toward the nation."

"Surely, classic sculpture remains as a witness of the primeval paradise; a witness that man and woman were created at first healthy, and strong, and fair, and innocent; just as classic literature remains for a witness that the heathen of old were taught of God; that we have something to learn of them summed up in that now obsolete word "virtue"—true and wholesome manhood, which we are likely to forget, and are forgetting daily, under the enervating shadow of popular superstitions. And till we have learned that, may Greek books still form the basis of our liberal education, and may Greek statues, or even English attempts to copy them, fill public halls and private houses. This generation may not understand their divine and eternal significance; but a future generation, doubt it not, will spell it out right well."

"Nature is beautiful; and therefore nature cannot have been truly copied if the general effect of a picture is not beautiful also. I never found out

the fallacy till the other day when looking at a certain portrait. The woman for whom it was meant was standing by my side, young and lovely; the portrait hung there, neither young nor lovely, but a wrinkled caricature twenty years older than the model."

"I surely know the portrait you mean, Lady D——'s."

"Yes; the artist had simply, under pretence of following nature, caricatured her into a woman twenty years older than she is."

"But did you ever see a modern portrait which more perfectly expressed character; which more completely fulfilled certain requirements which you yourself laid down a few evenings since?"

"Never; and that makes me all the more cross with the wilful mistake of it. He had painted every wrinkle."

"Why not, if they were there?"

"Because he had painted a face not one-twentieth of the size of life. What right had he to cram into that small space all the marks which nature had spread over a far larger one?"

"Why not, again, if he diminished the marks in proportion?"

"Just what neither he nor any man could do, without making them so small as to be invisible, save under a microscope; and the result was, that

he had caricatured every wrinkle. Besides, I utterly deny your assertion that one is bound to paint what is there. On that very fallacy many artists are making shipwreck."

"Not paint what is there? And you are the man who talks of art being highest when it copies nature."

"Exactly. And therefore you must paint, not what is there, but what you see there. Some artists seem to forget that human beings are men with two eyes, and not daguerreotype lenses with one eye, and so are contriving and striving to introduce into their pictures the very defect of the daguerreotype which the stereoscope is required to correct."

"I comprehend. They forget that the double vision of our two eyes gives a softness and indistinctness and roundness, to every outline."

"Exactly so; and therefore, while for distant landscapes, motionless, and already softened by atmosphere, the daguerreotype is invaluable (I shall do nothing else this summer but work at it), yet for taking portraits, in any true sense, it will be always useless, not only for the reason I just gave, but for another one which the pre-Raphaelites have forgotten."

"Because all the features cannot be in focus at once?"

"O no, I am not speaking of that. Art, for aught I know, may overcome that; for it is a mere defect

in the instrument. What I mean is this: It tries to represent as still what never yet was still for the thousandth part of a second; that is a human face; and as seen by a spectator who is perfectly still, which no man ever yet was. My dear fellow, don't you see that what some painters call idealizing a portrait is, if it be wisely done, really painting for you the face which you see, and know, and love; her ever shifting features, with expression varying more rapidly than the gleam of the diamond on her finger; features which you in your turn are looking at with ever-shifting eyes; while, perhaps, if it is a face which you love and have lingered over, a dozen other expressions equally belonging to it are hanging in your memory, and blending themselves with the actual picture on your retina; till every little angle is somewhat rounded, every little shade somewhat blended with the surrounding light, so that the sum total of what you see, and are intended by Heaven to see, is something far softer, lovelier — younger, perhaps, thank heaven! — than it would look if your head was screwed down in a vice, to look with one eye at her head screwed down in a vice also; though even that, thanks to the muscles of the eye, would not produce the required ugliness; and the only possible method of fulfilling the pre-Raphaelite ideal would be to set a petrified Cyclops to paint his petrified brother."

XXXII.

The longer I live, the more certain I am that the only reason for praying at all is because God is our Father; the more certain I am that we shall never have any heart to pray unless we believe that God is our Father. If we forget that, we may utter to him selfish cries for bread; or when we look at his great power, we may become terrified and utter selfish cries to him not to harm us, without any real shame or sorrow for sin; but few of us will have any heart to persevere in those cries. People will say to themselves, "If God is evil, he will not care to have mercy on me: and if he is good, there is no use wearying him by asking him what he has already intended to give me: why should I pray at all?"

The only answer is, "Pray, because God is your Father, and you his child." The only answer; but the most complete answer. I will engage to say that if any one is ever troubled with doubts about prayer, those two simple words, "Our Father," if he can once really believe them in their full richness and depth, will make the doubts vanish in a moment, and prayer seem the most natural and reasonable of all acts. It is because we are God's children, not merely his creatures, that he will have us pray. Because

he is educating us to know him, to know him not merely to be an Almighty Power, but a living, loving person; not merely an irresistible Fate, but a Father who delights in the love of his children, who wishes to shape them into his own likeness, and make them fellow-workers with him; therefore it is that he will have us pray. Doubtless he could give us every thing without our asking, for he does already give us almost every thing without our asking; but he wishes to educate us as his children to make us trust in him, to make us love him, to make us work for him, of our own free wills, in the great battle which he is carrying on against evil; and that he can only do by teaching us to pray to him. I say it reverently, but firmly. As far as we can see, God cannot educate us to know him, the living, willing, loving Father, unless he teaches us to open our hearts to him, and to ask him freely for what we want, just because he knows what we want already.

XXXIII.

Should you like to have a child who never spoke to you, never asked you for any thing? Of course not. And why? "Because," you would say, "one might as well have a dumb animal in one's family instead of a child, if it is never to talk

and ask questions and advice; most true and most reasonable; and as you would say concerning your children, so says God of his. You feel that unless you teach your children to ask you for all they want, even though you know their necessities before they ask, and their ignorance in asking, you will never call out their love and trust towards you. You know that if you want really to have your child to please and obey you, not as a mere tame animal, but as a willing, reasonable, loving child, you must make him know that you are training him; and you must teach him to come to you of his own accord to be trained, to be taught his duty, and set right where he is wrong; and even so does God with you. If you will only consider the way in which any child must be educated by its human parents, then you will at once see why prayer to our Heavenly Father is a necessary part of our education in the kingdom of Heaven.

XXXIV.

If a man will let God make him a new creature in Jesus Christ, then he will be more than happy; he will be blessed: then he will be a blessing to himself, and a blessing to every one whom he meets: then all vain longing, and selfishness, and pride, and ambition, and covetousness,

and peevishness, and disappointment, will vanish out of his heart, and he will work manfully and contentedly where God has placed him—cheerful and open-hearted, civil and patient, always thinking about others, and not about himself; trying to be about his Master's business, which is doing good; and always finding, too, that his Master Christ sets him some good work to do day by day, and gives him strength to do it. And how can a man get that blessed and noble state of mind? By prayer and practice. You must ask for strength from God: but then you must believe that He answers your prayer, and gives you that strength; and therefore you must try and use it. There is no more use in praying without practicing than there is in practicing without praying. You cannot learn to walk without walking: no more can you learn to do good without trying to do good.

XXXV.

Wearily stretches the sand to the surge, and the
surge to the cloudland;

Wearily onward I ride, watching the wild waves
alone.

Not as of old, like Homeric Achilles, *κνδελ γαιων*
Joyous knight-errant of God, thirsting for labor and
strife;

No more on magical steed borne free through the
regions of ether,

But, like the hack which I ride, selling my sinew
for gold.

Fruit-bearing autumn is gone; let the sad quiet
winter hang o'er me —

What were the spring to a soul laden with sorrow
and shame?

Green leaves would fret me with beauty; my heart
has no time to bepraise them;

Gray rock, bough, surge, cloud — these wake no
yearning within;

Sing not, thou sky-lark above, even angels pass
hushed by the weeper!

Scream on, ye sea-fowl! my heart echoes your des-
olate cry.

Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift
o'er the shell and the sea-weed;

Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the
pitiless tide,

Just is the wave that uptore us; 'tis nature's own
law which condemns us;

Woe to the weak who in pride build on the faith
of the sand!

Joy to the oak of the mountain, he trusts to the
might of the rock-clefts;

Deeply he mines and in peace feeds on the wealth
of the stone.

XXXVI.

It would be a miserable world if all that the clergyman or the friend might say by the sick-bed were, "This is an inevitable evil, like hail and thunder. You must bear it if you can : and if not, then not." A miserable world if he could not say with full belief, "'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Thou knowest not now why thou art afflicted ; perhaps thou wilt never know in this life. But a day will come when thou wilt know, when thou wilt find that this sickness came to thee at the exact right time, in the exact right way ; when thou wilt find that God has been keeping thee in the secret place of his presence from the provoking of men, and hiding thee privately in his tabernacle from the spite of tongues ; when thou wilt discover that thou hast been learning precious lessons for thy immortal spirit, while thou didst seem to thyself merely tossing with clouded intellect on a bed of useless pain ; when thou wilt find that God was nearest to thee at the very moment when he seemed to have left thee most utterly."

XXXVII.

Happy, thrice happy are they who have walked

through the valley of the shadow of death, and found it the path which leads to everlasting life. Happy are they who have writhed awhile in the fierce fire of God, and have had burnt out of them the chaff and dross, and all which offends and makes them vain, light, and yet makes them dull, drags them down at the same time; till only the pure gold of God's righteousness is left, seven times tried in the fire, incorruptible, and precious in the sight of God and man. Such people need not regret — they will not regret — all that they have gone through. It has made them brave, made them sober, made them patient. It has given them

“The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;”

and so has shaped them into the likeness of Christ, who was made perfect through suffering; and though he were a Son, yet in the days of his flesh, made strong supplication, and cried with tears to his father, and was heard in that he feared; and so, though he died on the cross and descended into hell, yet triumphed over death and hell, by dying and by descending; and conquered them by submitting to them.

XXXVIII.

To feel for all, and feel with all; to rejoice with

those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep; to understand people's trials, and make allowances for their temptations; to put one's self in their place, till we see with their eyes, and feel with their hearts, till we judge no man, and have hope for all; to be fair and patient and tender with every one we meet; to despise no one, to despair of none; to look upon every one we meet with love, almost with pity, as people who either have been down into the deep of horror, or may go down into it any day; to see our own sins in other people's sins, and know that we might do what they do, and feel as they feel, any moment, did God desert us; to give and forgive, to live and let live, even as Christ gives to us and forgives us, and lives for us, and lets us live, in spite of all our sins—this is the character we may get "out of the depths."

XXXIX.

By suffering Christ was made perfect; and what was the best path for Jesus Christ is surely good enough for us, even though it be a rough and a thorny one. Let us lie still beneath God's hand; for though his hand be heavy upon us, it is strong and safe beneath us too; and none can pluck us out of his hand, for in him we live and move and have our being; and though we go down into the depths

with David, with David we shall find God there, and find, with David, that "He will not leave our souls in hell, or suffer his holy ones to see corruption." Yes; have faith in God. Nothing in thee which he has made shall see corruption; for it is a thought of God's, and no thought of his can perish. Nothing shall be purged out of thee but thy disease; nothing shall be burnt out of thee but thy dross; and that in thee shall be saved, and live to all eternity, of which God said at the beginning, "Let us make man in our own image." Yes; have faith in God; and say to him once for all, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I love Thee; for Thou lovedst me in Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world."

XL.

Do not be astonished, do not be disheartened, if, when a great sorrow comes to you, there comes with it a struggle too deep for words; if you find out that fine words and set prayers are nothing in your hour of need, and that you will not be heard for your much speaking. Ah! the darkness of that time which perhaps goes on for days, for months, all alone between you and God himself. Clergymen and good people may come in with kind words and true words, but they give no comfort; your heart

is still dark, still full of doubt; you want God himself to speak to your heart, and tell you that he is love. And you have no words to pray with at last; you have used them all up; and you can only cling humbly to God, and hold fast. One moment you feel like a poor slave clinging to his stern master's arm, and entreating him not to kill him outright. The next you feel like a child clinging to his father, and entreating him to save him from some horrible monster which is going to devour it; but you have no words to pray with, only sighs, and tears, and groans; you feel that you know not what to pray for as you ought; know not what is good for you; dare ask for nothing, lest it should be the wrong thing. And the longer you struggle, the weaker you become, as Jacob did, till your very bones seem out of joint, your very heart broken within you, and life seems not worth having, or death either.

Only hold fast by God. Only do not despair. Only be sure that God cannot lie; be sure that he who cared for you from your birth hour cares for you still; that he who loved you enough to give his own Son for you hundreds of years before you were born, cannot but love you still; do not despair, I say; and at last, when you are fallen so low that you can fall no lower, and so weak that you are past struggling, you may hear through the

darkness of your heart the still small voice of God. Only hold fast, and let him not go until he bless you, and you shall find with Jacob of old, that as a prince you have power with God and with man, and have prevailed.

And so God will answer you as he answered Elijah, at first out of the whirlwind and the blinding storm; but at last, doubt it not, with the still small voice which cannot be mistaken, which no earthly ear can hear, but which is more precious to the broken heart than all which this world gives, the peace which passes understanding, and yet is the surest and the only lasting peace.

XLI.

The Bible tells us "that God tempts no man; that he does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." The Bible speaks at times as if these dark troubles came from the devil himself, and as if God turned them into good for us by making them part of our training, part of our education; and so making some devil's attempt to ruin us only a great means of our improvement. I do not know: but this I do know, the troubles are here, and God is love. At least this is comfortable, that God will let no man be tempted beyond what he is able; but will with the temptation make a way for

us to escape, that we may be able to bear it. At least this is comfortable, that our prayers are not needed to change God's will, because his will is already that we should be saved; because we are on his side in the battle against the devil, or the flesh, or the world, or whatever it is which makes poor souls and bodies miserable, and he on ours; and all we have to do in our prayers is to ask advice and orders and strength and courage from the great Captain of our salvation; that we may fight his battle and ours aright and to the end. And if you be in trouble, if your heart be brought low within you, remember, only remember, who the Captain of our salvation is. Who but Jesus who died on the cross—Jesus who was made perfect by sufferings, Jesus who cried out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

XLII.

No cloud across the sun
But passes at the last, and gives us back
The face of God once more.

XLIII.

If Christ had to be made perfect by sufferings,
much more must we. If he needed to learn obedi-

ence by sorrow, much more must we. If in the days of his flesh, he needed to make supplication to God his Father with strong crying and tears, so do we. And if he was heard in that he feared, so, I trust, we shall be heard likewise. If he needed to taste even the most horrible misery of all; to feel for a moment that God had forsaken him; surely we must expect, if we are to be made like him, to have to drink at least one drop out of his cup. It is very wonderful: but yet it is full of hope and comfort. Full of hope and comfort to be able, in our darkest and bitterest sorrow, to look up to Heaven, and say, at least there is one who has been through all this. As Christ was, so are we in this world; and the disciple cannot be above his master. Yes, we are in this world as he was, and he was once in this world as we are. He has been through all this, and more. He knows all this and more. "We have a High Priest above us who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, because he has been tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin."

XLIV.

Are you tormented as Job was, over and above all your sorrows, by mistaken kindness, and comforters in

whom is no comfort; who break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax; who tell you that you must be wicked, and God must be angry with you, or all this would not have come upon you? Job's comforters did so, and spoke very righteous-sounding words, and took great pains to justify God and to break poor Job's heart, and made him say many wild and foolish words in answer, for which he was sorry afterwards; but after all, the Lord's answer was, "My wrath is kindled against you three, for you have not spoken of me the thing which was right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore my servant Job shall pray for you, for him will I accept;" as he will accept every humble and contrite soul who clings, amid all its doubts, and fears, and sorrows, to the faith that God is just and not unjust, merciful and not cruel, condescending and not proud—that his will is a good will, and not a bad will—that he hateth nothing that he hath made, and willeth the death of no man; and in that faith casts itself down like Job, in dust and ashes before the majesty of God, content not to understand his ways and its own sorrows; but simply submitting itself and resigning itself to the good will of that God, who so loved the world that he spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him for us.

XLV.

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church, across the moor-
land dreary —

“Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing round they
sing so cheery.

How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come
again?

Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men
toil in vain,

‘Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though
Christmas bells be cheery.”

Then arose a joyous clamor from the wild fowl on
the mere,

Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear
bells ringing,

And a voice within cried — “Listen! — Christmas
carols even here!

Though thou be dumb, yet o’er their work the
stars and snows are singing.

Blind! I love, I love, I reign; and all the nations
through

With the thunder of my judgments even now are
ringing;

Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear
through it angels' singing."

XLVI.

Well spoke the old monks, peaceful watching life's
turmoil,

"Eyes which look heavenward, weeping still we see:
God's love with keen flame purges, like the light-
ning flash,

Gold which is purest, purer still must be."

XLVII.

Happy for every man that the battle between the spirit and the flesh should begin in him again and again, as long as his flesh is not subdued to his spirit. If he be wrong, the greatest blessing which can happen to him is, that he should find himself in the wrong. If he have been deceiving himself, the greatest blessing is, that God should anoint his eyes that he may see—see himself as he is; see his own inbred corruption; see the sin which doth so easily beset him, whatever it may be. Whatever anguish of mind it may cost him, it is a light price to pay for the inestimable treasure which true repentance and amendment brings; the fine gold of solid self-knowledge, tried

in the fire of bitter experience ; the white raiment of a pure and simple heart ; the eye-salve of honest self-condemnation and noble shame. If he have but these—and these God will give him, in answer to prayer, the prayer of a broken and contrite heart—then he will be able to carry on the battle against the corrupt flesh, with its affections and lusts, in hope. In the assured hope of final victory. “For greater is he that is with us than he that is against us.” He that is against us is our self, our selfish self, our animal nature ; and he that is with us is God ; God and none other : and who can pluck us out of his hand ?

XLVIII.

How shall we conquer temptations to laziness, selfishness, heartlessness ? By faith in God as the eternal enemy of evil, the eternal helper of those who try to overcome evil with good ; the eternal avenger of all the wrong which is done on earth. By faith in God, as not only our Father, our Saviour, our Redeemer, our Protector, but the Father, Saviour, Redeemer, Protector, and, if need be, Avenger of every human being. By faith in God, which believes that his infinite heart yearns over every human soul, even the basest and the worst ; that He wills that not one little one

should perish, but that all should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth.

XLIX.

If, in spite of many bad habits, we desire to get rid of our bad habits; if, in spite of many faults we still desire to be faultless and perfect; if, in spite of many weaknesses we still desire to be strong; if, in one word, we still hunger and thirst after righteousness, and long to be good men, then in due time the love of God will be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit.

For that will happen to us which happens to all those who have the pure, true, heroical love. If we really love a person we shall first desire to please them, and therefore the thought of disobeying and paining them will seem more and more grievous unto us.

But more. We shall soon rise a step higher. The more we love them, and the more we see in them, in their characters, things worthy to be loved, the more we shall desire to be like them, to copy those parts of their character which most delight us; and we shall copy them, though insensibly, perhaps, and unawares.

For no one can look up for any length of time with love and respect towards a person better,

wiser, greater than themselves, without becoming more or less like that person in character and in habit of thought and feeling, and so will it be with us towards God.

If we really long to be good, it will grow more and more easy to us to love God. The more pure our hearts are, the more pleasant the thought of God will be to us; even as it is said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," — in this life as well as in the life to come. We shall not shrink from God, because we shall know that we are not willfully offending him.

L.

I know it is sometimes said, "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint." I do not believe that, because I do not see it. I see, and I thank God for it, that men who have been very wrong at one time, come very right afterwards; that having found out in earnest that the wages of sin are death, they do repent in earnest and receive the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ. But I see, too, that the bad habits, bad passions, bad methods of thought, which they have indulged in youth, remain more or less, and make them worse men, sillier men, less useful men, less happy men, sometimes to their lives' ends, and they, if they be true Christians,

know it and repent of their early sins, not once for all only, but all their lives long, because they feel that they have weakened and made themselves worse thereby.

It stands to reason, my friends, that it should be so. If a man losses his way and finds it again, he is so much the less forward on his way, surely, by all the time he has spent in getting back into the road.

If a child has a violent illness it stops growing, because the life and nourishment which ought to have gone towards its growth, are spent in curing its disease. And so, if a man has indulged in bad habits in his youth, he is but too likely (let him do what he will) to be a less good man for it to his life's end, because the Spirit of God which ought to have been making him grow in grace, freely and healthily, to the stature of a perfect man, to the fullness of the measure of Christ, is striving to conquer old bad habits, and cure old diseases of character; and the man, even though he does enter into life, enters into it halt and maimed, and the wages of his sin have been, as they always will be, death to some powers, some faculties of his soul.

LI.

Physicians who see children born diseased, born

stupid, or even idiotic, born thwart-natured, or passionate, or false, or dishonest, or brutal, they know well what original sin means, though they call it by their own name of hereditary tendencies. And they know, too, how the sins of a parent, or of a grand parent, or even a great-grand parent, are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation, and they say, "It is a law of nature;" and so it is. But the laws of nature are the laws of God who made her; and his law is the same law by which death reigns even over those who have not sinned after the likeness of Adam; the law by which (even though if Christ be in us, the spirit is life, because of righteousness) the body, nevertheless, is dead because of sin.

LII.

Eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ. Freely he forgives you all your past sins for the sake of that precious blood which was shed on the cross for the sins of the whole world. Freely he takes you back as his child to your father's house. Freely he gives you his holy spirit, the spirit of goodness, the spirit of life, to put into your mind good desires, and enable you to bring those desires to good effect, that you may live the eternal life of grace and goodness forever whether in earth or heaven.

Yes, it is the gift of God, which raises you from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; and if you have that gift, you will not murmur, surely though you have to bear more or less, the just and natural consequences of your former sins; though you be, through your own guilt, a sadder man to your dying day.

Be content. You are forgiven. You are cleansed from your sin. Is not that mercy enough? Why are you to demand of God that he should over and above cleanse you from the consequences of your sin? He may leave them there to trouble and sadden you, just because he loves you and desires to chasten you and keep you in mind of what you were, and what you would be again, at any moment, if his spirit left you to yourself. You may have to enter into life halt and maimed, yet be content. You have a thousand more things than you deserve, for at least you enter into life.

A man may be proud of confessing his sins; may become self-righteous and conceited, according to the number of sins which he confesses.

So deceitful is this human heart of ours, that I have seen people quite proud of calling themselves miserable sinners. I say, proud of it. For if they had really felt themselves miserable sinners, they would have said less about their own feelings. If a man really feels what sin is; if he feels what a

miserable, pitiful, mean thing it is to be doing wrong when one knows better, to be the slave of one's own tempers, passions, appetites—oh, if man or woman ever knew the exceeding sinfulness of sin he would hide his own shame in the depths of his heart, and tell it to God alone, or at most to none on earth save the holiest, the wisest, the trustiest, the nearest and the dearest.

But when one hears a man always talking about his own sinfulness, one suspects—and from experience one has only too much reason to suspect—that he is simply saying in a civil way, “I am a better man than you; for I talk about my sinfulness, and you do not.”

LIII.

For the sake of Jesus the lamb slain from the foundation of the world, there is full, free and perfect forgiveness for every sin when we give it up. As soon as a man turns round, and, instead of doing wrong, tries to do right, he need be under no manner of fear or terror any more. He is taken back into his father's house as freely and graciously as the prodigal son in the parable was. Whatsoever dark score there was against him in God's books is wiped out there and then, and he starts clear, a new man, with a fresh

chance of life. And whoever tells him that the score is not wiped out, lies, and contradicts flatly God's holy word. But as long as a man does *not* give up his sins the dark score *does* stand against him in God's books; and no praying, or reading, or devoutness of any kind will wipe it out; and as long as he sins he is still in his sins, and his sins will be his ruins. Whosoever tells him that they are wiped out, he too, lies, and contradicts flatly God's holy word.

For God is just and true; and therefore God takes us for what we are, and will do so to all eternity. In spite of all doctrines which men have invented, and then pretended to find in the Bible, to drug men's consciences, and confuse God's clear light in their hearts, you will find, now and for ever, that if you do right you will be happy even in the midst of sorrow; if you do wrong, you will be miserable even in the midst of pleasure. Do not rashly count on some sudden magical change happening to you as soon as you die to make you fit for heaven. There is not one word in the Bible which gives us reason to suppose that we shall not be in the next world the same persons which we have made ourselves in this world. If we are unjust here, we shall, for aught we know, or can know, try to be unjust there; if we are proud here, we shall be so there; if we are selfish here, we

shall be so there. What we sow here, we shall reap there. And it is good for us to know this and face this. Any thing is good for us, however unpleasant it may be, which drives us from the only real misery which is sin and selfishness, to the only true happiness which is the everlasting life of Christ; a pure, loving, just, generous, useful life of goodness, which is the righteousness of Christ, and the glory of Christ, and which will be our righteousness and our glory also forever.

LIV.

Sin is, to be at war with God, who is love and peace; and therefore to be in lovelessness, hatred, war, and misery. Sin is, to act contrary to the constitution which God gave man when he said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;" and therefore sin is a disease in human nature, and like all other diseases, must, unless it is checked, go on everlastingly and perpetually breeding weakness, pain and torment. And out of that God is so desirous to raise you, that he spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him for you, if by any means he might raise you out of that death of sin to the life of righteousness — to a righteous life; to a life of duty — to a dutiful life like his Son Jesus Christ's life; for that must go on, if you go on in it, producing in you everlastingly and perpetually all

health and strength, usefulness and happiness in this world and all worlds to come.

LV.

Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. Still less can he who is not loving fulfil the law; for the law of God is the very pattern and picture of God's character; and if a man does not know what God is like, he will never know what God's law is like; and though he may read his Bible all day long, he will learn no more from it than a dumb animal will, unless his heart is full of love. For love is the light by which we see God, by which we understand his Bible; by which we understand our duty, and God's dealings in the world. Love is the light by which we understand our own hearts, by which we understand our neighbors' hearts. So it is. If you hate any man, or have a spite against him, you will never know what is in that man's heart; never be able to form a just opinion of his character. If you want to understand human beings, or to do justice to their feelings, you must begin by loving them heartily and freely; and the more you like them the better you will understand them; and in general the better you will find them to be at heart, the more worthy of your trust, at least the more worthy of your compassion.

LVI.

What does half the misery, and all the quarrelling in the world come from, but from people's loving themselves better than their neighbors? Would children be disobedient, and neglectful to their parents, if they did not love themselves better than their parents? Why does a man kill, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness, covet his neighbor's goods, his neighbor's custom, his neighbor's rights, but because he loves his own pleasure or interest better than his neighbor's; loves himself better than the man whom he wrongs? Would a man take advantage of his neighbor if he loved him as well as himself? Would he be hard on his neighbor, and say, "Pay me to the uttermost farthing," if he loved him as he loves himself? Would he speak evil of his neighbor behind his back, if he loved him as himself? Would he cross his neighbor's temper, just because he will have his own way, right or wrong, if he loved him as himself? Judge for yourselves. What would the world become like this moment if every man loved his neighbor as himself, thought of his neighbor as much as he thinks of himself? Would it not become heaven on earth at once? There would be no need then for soldiers and policemen, lawyers, rates and taxes, and all the expensive and heavy machinery which is now needed to force people into keeping something of

God's law. Ay, there would be no need of sermons, preachers and prophets to tell men of God's law, and warn them of the misery of breaking it. They would keep the law of their own free-will by love. For love is the fulfilling of the law ; and as St. Augustine says, "Love your neighbor, and then do what you will — because you will be sure to will what is right." So truly did our Lord say, that on this one commandment hung all the law and the prophets,

LVII.

I think every one learns to love his neighbor, very much as Moses told the Jews they would learn to love God ; namely, by trusting them somewhat blindly at first.

Is it not so? Is it not so always with young people, when they begin to be fond of each other? They trust each other, they do not know why or how. Before they are married, they have little or no experience of each other ; of each other's tempers and characters ; and yet they trust each other, and say in their hearts, "He can never be false to me!" and are ready to put their honor and fortunes into each other's hands, to live together for better for worse, till death them part. It is a blind faith in each other, and those who will may laugh at it, and call it the folly and rashness of

youth. I do not believe that God laughs at it; that God calls it folly and rashness. It surely comes from God.

For there is something in each of them worth trusting, worth loving. True, they may be disappointed in each other; but they need not be. If they are true to themselves; if they will listen to the better voice within, and be true to their own better feelings, all will be well, and they will find after marriage that they did not do a rash and a foolish thing when they gave up themselves to each other, and cast in their lot together blindly to live and die.

And then, after that first blind faith and love in each other which they had before marriage, will come, as the years roll by, a deeper, sounder faith and love from experience.

LVIII.

A young person setting out in life, has little experience of God's love; he has little to make him sure that the way of life, and honor, and peace, is to obey God's laws. But he is told so. His Bible tells him so. Wiser and older people than he tell him so, and God himself tells him so. God himself wakes up in the young person's heart a desire after goodness.

Then he takes it for granted blindly. He says to himself, I can but try. They tell me to taste and see whether the Lord is gracious. I will taste. They tell me that the way of his commandments is the way to make life worth living and to see good days. I will try. And so the years go by. The young person has grown middle-aged, old. He or she has been through many trials, many disappointments; perhaps more than one bitter loss. But if they have held fast by God; if they have tried, however clumsily, to keep God's law and walk in God's way, then there will have grown up in them a trust in God, and a love for God deeper and broader far than any which they had in youth; a love grounded on experience. They can point back to so many blessings which the Lord gave them unexpectedly; to so many sorrows which the Lord gave them strength to bear, though they seemed at first sight past bearing; to so many disappointments which seemed ill-luck at the time, and yet which turned out good for them in the end. And so comes a deep, reasonable love to their Heavenly Father. Now they have *tasted* that the Lord is gracious.

LIX.

Not men, not saints, not angels, or archangels

can comprehend the love of Christ. How can they? For Christ is God, and God is love; the root and fountain of all love which is in you and me and angels and all created beings. And therefore his love is as much greater than ours, or than the love of angels and archangels, as the whole sun is greater than one ray of sun-light. Say, rather, as much greater and more glorious as the sun is greater and more glorious than the light which sparkles in the dewdrop on the grass. The love and goodness and holiness of a saint or an angel is the light in that dewdrop, borrowed from the sun. The love of God is the sun himself, which shineth from one part of heaven to' the other, and there is nothing hid from the life-giving heat and light thereof. When the dewdrop can take in the sun, then can we take in the love of God, which fills all heaven and earth.

LX.

There is a beautiful story told in the life of the blessed apostle St. John. A young man at Ephesus who had become a Christian, and of whom St. John was very fond, got into trouble while St. John was away, and had to flee for his life into the mountains. There he joined a band of robbers, and was so daring and desperate that they soon chose him

as their captain. St. John came back, and found the poor lad had gone. St. John had stood at the foot of the cross years before, and heard his Lord pardon the penitent thief; and he knew how to deal with such wild souls. And what did he do? Give him up for lost? No! He set off, old as he was, by himself, straight for the mountains, in spite of the warnings of his friends that he would be murdered, and that this young man was the most desperate and bloodthirsty of all the robbers. At last he found the young robber. And what did the robber do? As soon as he saw St. John coming—before St. John could speak a word to him—he turned, and ran away for shame; and old St. John followed him, never saying a harsh word to him, but only crying after him, “My son, my son, come back to your father!” and at last he found him, where he was hidden, and held him by his clothes, and embraced him, and pleaded with him so, that the poor fellow burst into tears, and let St. John lead him away; and so that blessed St. John went down again to Ephesus in joy and triumph, bringing his lost lamb with him.

LXI.

How Christ's death takes away thy sins, thou wilt never know, on earth—perhaps not in heaven.

It is a mystery which thou must believe and adore. But why he died, thou canst see at the first glance—if thou hast a human heart, and wilt look at what God means thee to look at—Christ upon his cross. He died because he was *love*—love itself—love boundless, unconquerable, unchangeable—love which inhabits eternity, and therefore could not be hardened or foiled by any sin or rebellion of man, but must love men still; must go out to seek and save them; must dare, suffer any misery, shame, death itself, for their sake; just because it is absolute and perfect love, which inhabits eternity.

LXII.

How easy it is to buy the love of men! Gold will not do it; but there is a little angel, or may be, in the corner of every man's eye, who is worth more than gold, and can do it free of all charges; unless a man drives him out, and "hates his brother."

LXIII.

Of all men, perhaps, who have lived in our days, the most truly successful was the great Duke of Wellington; and one thing, I believe, which helped him most to become great, was that he was so wonderfully free from vain fretting and

complaining, free from useless regrets about the past, from useless anxieties for the future. Though he had for years on his shoulders a responsibility which might have well broken the spirit of any man; though the lives of thousands of brave men, and the welfare of great kingdoms—aye, humanly speaking, the fate of all Europe—depended on his using his wisdom in the right place, and one mistake might have brought ruin and shame on him and on tens of thousands; yet no one ever saw him anxious, confused, or terrified. Though for many years he was much tried and hampered, and unjustly and foolishly kept from doing his work as he knew it ought to be done, yet when the time came for work his head was always clear, his spirit was always ready; and therefore he succeeded in the most marvellous way. Solomon says “Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” Now the Great Duke had learnt in most things to rule his spirit, and therefore he was able not only to take cities but to do better still, to deliver cities, aye, and whole countries, out of the hand of armies often far stronger, humanly speaking, than his own.

And for an example of what I mean, I will tell you a story of him which I know to be true. Some one once asked him what his secret was for winning battles. And he said that he had no

secret ; that he did not know how to win battles, and that no man knew. For all, he said, that man could do, was to look beforehand steadily at all the chances, and lay all possible plans beforehand : but from the moment the battle began, he said, no mortal prudence was of use, and no mortal man could know what the end would be. A thousand new accidents might spring up every hour, and scatter all his plans to the winds ; and all that man could do was to comfort himself with the thought that he had done his best, and to trust in God.

LXIV.

Be not fretful and anxious about the morrow. Face things like men ; but remember, like men, that a fresh chance may any moment spoil all your plans ; remember that there are a thousand dangers round you from which your prudence cannot save you. Do your best ; and then comfort yourselves with the thought that you have done your best, and trust in God. Remember that God is really and in very truth your Father, and that without him not a sparrow falls to the ground ; and “are ye not of more value than many sparrows, O ye of little faith ?” Remember that he knows what you have need of before you ask him ; that he gives you all day long of his own free

generosity a thousand things for which you never dream of asking him: and believe that in all the chances and changes of this life, in bad luck as well as in good, in failure as well as success, in poverty as well as wealth, in sickness as well as health, he is giving you and me and all mankind good gifts which we in our ignorance, and our natural dread of what is unpleasant, should never dream of asking him for: but which are good for us nevertheless. Like him from whom they come, the Father of light, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift; who is neither neglectful, capricious, or spiteful, for in him is neither variable-ness nor shadow of turning, but who is always loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his works.

LXV.

Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptation; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. Enough for you that your Saviour for whom you fight is just and merciful, for he rewardeth every man according to his work. Enough for you that he has said "He that is faithful unto death, I will give him a crown of life." Enough for you that if you be

faithful over a few things, he will make you ruler over many things, and bring you into his joy forevermore.

LXVI.

Does fretting make us the least more prudent? Does anxiety make us the least more industrious? On the contrary, I know nothing which cripples a man more and hinders him working manfully, than anxiety. Look at the worst case of all—at a man, who is melancholy, and fancies that all is going wrong with him, and that he must be ruined, and has a mind full of all sorts of dark, hopeless fancies. Does he work any the more, or try to escape one of these dangers which he fancies are hanging over him? So far from it, he gives himself up to them without a struggle; he sets moping, helpless and useless, and says, “There is no use in struggling. If it will come, it must come.” He has lost spirit for work, and lost the mind for work too. His mind is so full of these dark fears that he cannot turn it to laying any prudent plan to escape from the very things he dreads.

And so, in a less degree, with people who fret and are anxious. They may be in a great bustle, but they do not get their work done. They run hither and thither, trying this and that, but leaving

every thing half done, to fly off to something else. Or else they spend time unprofitably in dreaming, and expecting, and complaining, which might be spent profitably in working. And they are always apt to lose their heads, and their tempers, just when they need them most; to do in their hurry the very last thing which they ought to have done; to try so many roads that they choose the wrong road after all, from mere confusion, and run with open eyes into the very pit which they have been afraid of falling into. As we sometimes say, they will go all through the wood to cut a straight stick, and bring out a crooked one at last. Even in a mere worldly way, the men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb, that "good times, and bad times, and all times pass over." Nine-tenths of the mistakes we make in life come from forgetting the fear of God and the law of God, and saying not, I will do what is right, but, I will do what will profit me; I will do what I like. If we would say to ourselves manfully all our lives through, I will learn the will of God, and do it, whatever it cost me, we should find in our old age that God's

Holy Spirit was indeed a guide and a comforter, able and willing to lead us into all truth which was needful for us. We should find St. Paul had spoken truth, when he said that godliness has the promise of this life, as well as that which is to come.

LXVII.

Does it not seem to you that the finest thing in a man is magnanimity—what we call in plain English, greatness of soul? And if it does seem to you to be so, what do you mean by greatness of soul? When you speak of a great soul, and of a great man, what manner of man do you mean?

Do you mean a very clever man, a very farsighted man, a very determined man, a very powerful man, and therefore a very successful man? A man who can manage every thing, and every person whom he comes across, and turn and use them for his own ends, till he rises to be great and glorious—a ruler, king, or what you will?

Well, he is a great man: but I know a greater, and nobler, and more glorious stamp of man; and you do also. Let us try again, and think if we can find his likeness, and draw it for ourselves. Would he not be somewhat like this pattern? A man who was aware that he had vast power, and yet used that power not for himself, but for others;

not for ambition, but for doing good? Surely the man who used his power for other people would be the greater-souled man, would he not? Let us go on, then, to find out more of his likeness. Would he be stern, or would he be tender? Would he be patient, or would he be fretful? Would he be a man who stands fiercely on his own rights, or would he be very careful of other men's rights, and very ready to waive his own rights gracefully and generously? Would he be extreme to mark what was done amiss against him, or would he be very patient when he was wronged himself, though indignant enough if he saw others wronged? Would he be one who easily lost his temper, and lost his head, and could be thrown off his balance by one foolish man? Surely not. He would be a man whom no fool, nor all fools together could throw off his balance; a man who could not lose his temper, could not lose his self-respect; a man who could bear with those who are peevish, make allowances for those who are weak and ignorant, forgive those who are insolent, and conquer those who are ungrateful, not by punishment, but by fresh kindness, overcoming their evil by his good. A man, in short, whom no ill usage without, and no ill temper within, could shake out of his even path of generosity and benevolence. Is not that the truly magnanimous man; the great and royal

soul? Is not that the stamp of man whom we should admire, if we meet him on earth? Should we not reverence that man; esteem it an honor and a pleasure to work under that man, to take him for our teacher, our leader, in hopes that, by copying his example, our souls might become great like his?

Is it so, my friends? Then know this, that in admiring that man, you admire the likeness of God. In wishing to be like that man, you wish to be like God.

For this is God's true greatness; this is God's true glory; this is God's true royalty; the greatness, glory, and royalty of loving, forgiving, generous power, which pours itself out, untiring and undisgusted, in help and mercy to all which he has made; the glory of a Father who is perfect in this, that he causeth his rain to fall on the evil and on the good, and his sun to shine upon the just and on the unjust, and is good to the unthankful and the evil; a Father who has not dealt with us after our sins, or rewarded us after our iniquities: a Father who is not extreme to mark what is done amiss, but whom it is worth while to fear, for with him is mercy and plenteous redemption; all this and more; a Father who so loved a world which had forgotten him, a world whose sins must have been disgusting to him, that he

spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him for us, and will with him freely give us all things; a Father, in one word, whose name and essence is love, even as it is the name and essence of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

This, my friends, is the glory of God: but this glory never shone out in its full splendor till it shone upon the cross.

LXVIII.

To give up our lives for others is one of the most beautiful, and noble, and glorious things on earth. But to give up our lives willingly, joyfully for men who misunderstand us, hate us, despise us, is, if possible, a more glorious action still, and the very perfection of perfect virtue. Then, looking at Christ's cross, we see that, and even more — ay, far more than that. The cross was the perfect token of the perfect goodness of God, and of the perfect glory of God.

LXIX.

The old meaning, the true meaning of a hero or a heroine, is one who is a son or daughter of God, and whom God informs and strengthens, and sends out to do noble work, teaching them the

way wherein they should go. That was the right meaning of a hero and heroine, even among the old heathens. Let it mean the same among us Christians, when we talk of a hero; and let us give God the glory, and say—There is a man who has entered, even if it be but for one day's danger and trial, into the power of God's Spirit; and man whom God has informed and taught in the way he should go, may that same God give him grace to abide therein all the days of his life.

LXX.

Oh! 'tis easy

To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them—

The threading in cool blood each mean detail,

And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance—

There lies the self-denial.

LXXI.

One good man,—one man who does not put his religion on once a week with his Sunday coat, but wears it for his working dress, and lets the thought of God grow into him, and through and through him, till every thing he says and does becomes religious, that man is worth a thousand sermons—he is a living gospel—he comes in the spirit and

power of Elias; he is the image of God. And men see his good works, and admire them in spite of themselves, and see that they are godlike, and that God's grace is no dream, but that the Holy Spirit is still among men, and that all nobleness and manliness is his gift, his stamp, his picture; and so they get a glimpse of God again in his saints and heroes, and glorify their Father who is in heaven.

LXXII.

Have you not seen this—I have, thank God, full many a time—that not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but that God's strength is rather made perfect in man's weakness—that in foul garrets, in lonely sick-beds, in dark places of the earth, you find ignorant people, sickly people, ugly people, stupid people, in spite of, in defiance of, every opposing circumstance, leading heroic lives—a blessing, a comfort, an example, a very Fount of Life to all around them; and dying heroic deaths because they have Eternal Life?

LXXIII.

Patience is the truest sign of courage. Ask old soldiers, who have seen real war, and they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who en-

dured best, not in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon-shot; who were most cheerful and patient in shipwreck, and starvation, and defeat—all things ten times worse than fighting—ask old soldiers, I say, and they will tell you that the men who showed best in such miseries were generally the stillest and meekest men in the whole regiment: that is true fortitude; that is Christ's image—the meekest of men, and the bravest too.

LXXIV.

All the little that is great or noble in man or woman is perfected in Christ: he only is perfectly great, perfectly noble, brave, meek. He who, to save us sinful men, endured the cross, despising the shame, till he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, perfectly brave he is, and perfectly gentle, and will be so forever; for even at his second coming when he shall appear the Conqueror of hell, with tens of thousands of angels, to take vengeance on those who know not God, and destroy the wicked with the breath of his mouth, even then, in his fiercest anger, the scripture tells us his anger shall be "the anger of the Lord." Almighty vengeance and just anger, and yet perfect gentleness and love all the while.

—Mystery of mysteries!—The wrath of the Lamb. May God give us all to feel in that day, not the wrath, but the love, of the Lamb who was slain for us!

LXXV.

Not a cloud which fleets across the sky, not a clod of earth which crumbles under the frost, not a blade of grass which breaks through the snow in spring, not a dead leaf which falls to the earth in autumn, but is doing God's work, and showing forth God's glory. Not a tiny insect, too small to be seen by human eyes without the help of a microscope, but is as fearfully and wonderfully made as you and me, and has its proper food, habitation, work, appointed for it, and not in vain. Nothing is idle, nothing is wasted, nothing goes wrong, in this wondrous world of God. The very scum upon the standing pool, which seems mere dirt and dust, is all alive, peopled by millions of creatures, each full of beauty, full of use, obeying laws of God too deep for us to do aught but dimly guess at them; and as men see deeper and deeper into the mystery of God's creation, they find in the commonest things about them wonder and glory, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of

man to conceive; and can only say with the psalmist, "Oh Lord, thy ways are infinite, thy thoughts are very deep:" and confess that the grass beneath their feet, the clouds above their heads—ay, every worm beneath the sod and bird upon the bough, do, in very deed and truth bless the Lord who made them, praise him, and magnify him forever, not with words indeed, but with works; and say to man all day long, "Go thou and do likewise."

LXXVI.

We are not to disbelieve science, nor disregard the laws of nature, or we shall loose by our folly. But we are to believe that nature and science are not our gods. They do not rule us; our fortunes are not in their hands. Above nature and above science sits the Lord of nature and the Lord of science. Above all the counsels of princes, and the struggles of nations, and the chances and changes of this world of man, sits the Judge of princes and of peoples, the Lord of all the nations upon earth. He by whom all things were made, and who upholdeth all things by the word of his power; and he is man, most human, and yet most divine; full of justice and truth, full of care and watchfulness, full of love and pity, full of tenderness and understanding; a

Friend, a Guide, a Counsellor, a Comforter, a Saviour to all who trust in him. He is nearer to us than nature and science, and he should be dearer to us; for they speak only to the understanding; but he speaks to our human hearts, to our inmost spirits. Nature and science cannot take away our sins, give peace to our hearts, right judgment to our minds, strength to our wills, or everlasting life to our souls and bodies. But there sits One upon the throne who can. And if nature were to vanish away, and science were to be proved (however correct as far as it went) a mere child's guess about this wonderful world, which none can understand save he who made it—if all the counsels of princes and of peoples, however just and wise, were to be confounded and come to nought, still, after all, and beyond all, and above all, Christ would abide forever, with human tenderness yearning over human hearts; with human wisdom teaching human ignorance; with human sympathy sorrowing with human mourners; forever saying, "Come unto me ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

LXXVII.

Oh that I could make you see God in every thing, and every thing in God! Oh, that I could

make you look on this earth, not as a mere dull, dreary prison and workhouse for your mortal bodies, but as a living book to speak to you at every time of the living God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Sure I am that that would be a heavenly life for you; sure I am that it would keep you from many a sin, and stir you up to many a holy thought and deed, if you could learn to find in every thing around you, however small or mean, the work of God's hand, the likeness of God's countenance, the shadow of God's glory.

LXXVIII.

It was a "day of God." The earth lay like one great emerald, ringed and roofed with sapphire; blue sea, blue mountain, blue sky overhead. There she lay, not sleeping, but basking in her quiet Sabbath joy, as though her two great sisters of the sea and air had washed her weary limbs with holy tears, and purged away the stains of last week's sin and toil, and cooled her hot, worn forehead with their pure incense-breath, and folded her within their azure robes, and brooded over her with smiles of pitying love, till she smiled back in answer, and took heart and hope for next week's weary work.

Heart and hope for next week's work. That was

the sermon that it preached to Tom Thurwall, as he stood there alone, a stranger and a wanderer, like Ulysses of old; but like himself helpful, cheerful, fate defiant. In one respect, indeed, he knew less than Ulysses, and was more of a heathen than he; for he knew not what Ulysses knew, that a heavenly guide was with him in his wanderings; still less what Ulysses knew not, that what he called the malicious sport of fortune was, in truth, the earnest education of a Father; but who will blame him for getting strength and comfort from such merely natural founts, or say that the impulse came from below, and not from above, which made him say —

“Brave old world she is, after all, and right well made; and looks right well to-day in her go-to-meeting clothes; and plenty of room and chance in her for a brave man to earn his bread, if he will but go right on about his business, instead of peaking and pining over what people think of him. Hark to that jolly old missel-thrush below! He’s had his nest to build and his supper to earn, and his young ones to feed, and all the crows and kites in the wood to drive away, the sturdy John Bull that he is; and yet he can find time to sing as merrily as an abbot, morning and evening, since he sung the new year in last January. And why should not I?”

Let him be awhile; there are sounds of deeper meaning in the air, if his heart had ears to hear them: far-off church bells chiming to even-song; hymn-tunes floating up the glen from the little chapel in the vale. He may learn what they, too, mean some day. Honor to him at least that he has learnt what the missel-thrush below can tell. If he accept cheerfully and manfully the things which he does see, he will be all the more able to enter hereafter into the deeper mystery of things unseen. The road toward true faith and reverence for God's kingdom of heaven does not lie through Manichæan contempt and slander of God's kingdom of earth.

Let him be, I say again. He might have better Sunday thoughts; perhaps he will some day. At least he is a man, and a brave one; and as the greater contains the less, surely before a man can be a good man he must be a brave one first, much more a man at all. Cowards, old Odin held, inevitably went to the very bottom of Hela-pool, and by no possibility, unless, of course, they became brave at last, could rise out of that bog, but sank whining lower and lower like mired cattle to all eternity in the unfathomable peat-slime. And if the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation, and the eighth verse, is to be taken as it stands, their doom has not altered since Odin's time, unless to become still worse.

LXXIX.

One of the most learned scholars in England was once a village carpenter, who used, when young, to keep a book open before him on his bench while he worked, and thus contrived to teach himself, one after the other, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. So much time may a man find who *looks* for time.

LXXX.

How short the time seems since we were young! How quickly it has gone! How every year, as we grow older, seems to go more and more quickly, and there is less time to do what we want, to think seriously, to improve ourselves. So soon, and it will be over, and we shall have no time at all, for we shall be in eternity. And what then? What then? That depends on what now. On what we are doing now. Are we letting our short span of life slip away in sleep; fancying ourselves all the while wide awake — as we do in dreams — till we wake really, and find that it is daylight, and that all our best dreams were nothing but useless fancy? How many dream away their lives! Some upon gain, some upon pleasure, some upon petty self-interest, petty quarrels, petty ambitions, petty squabbles and jealousies about this person and that, which are

no more worthy to take up a reasonable human being's time and thoughts than so many dreams would be. Some, too, dream away their lives in sin, in works of darkness which they are forced for shame and safety to hide, lest they should come to the light and be exposed. So people dream their lives away, and go about their daily business as men, who walk in their sleep, wandering about with their eyes open, and yet seeing nothing of what is really about them. Seeing nothing: though they think that they see and know their own interest, and are shrewd enough to find their way about this world. But they know nothing — nothing of the very world with which they pride themselves they are so thoroughly acquainted. None know less of the world than those who pride themselves on being men of the world. For the true light, which shines all around them, they do not see, and therefore they do not see the truth of things by that light. If they did, then they would see that of which now they do not even dream.

They would see that God was around them, about their path and about their bed, and spying out all their ways; and in the light of his presence, they dare not be frivolous, dare not be ignorant, dare not be mean, dare not be spiteful, dare not be unclean.

They would see that Christ was around them,

knocking at the door of their hearts that he may enter in, and dwell there, and give them peace; crying to their restless, fretful, confused, unhappy souls, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

They would see that duty was around them. Duty—the only thing really worth living for. The only thing which will pay a man, either for this life or the next. The only thing which will give a man rest and peace, manly and quiet thoughts, a good conscience, and a stout heart in the midst of hard labor, anxiety, sorrow and disappointment; because he feels at least that he is doing his duty; that he is obeying God and Christ, that he is working with them, and for them, and that therefore they are working with him, and for him. God, Christ and Duty, these, and more, will a man see if he will awake out of sleep, and consider where he is, by the light of God's Holy Spirit.

LXXXI.

"All things begin in some wonder, and in some wonder all things end," said St. Augustine, wisest in his day of all mortal men; and all that great

scholars have discovered since prove more and more that St. Augustine's words were true, and that the wisest are only, as a great philosopher once said, and one, too, who discovered more of God's works than any man for many a hundred years, even Sir Isaac Newton himself: "The wisest of us is but like a child picking up a few shells and pebbles on the shore of a boundless sea."

The shells and pebbles are the little scraps of knowledge which God vouchsafes to us, his sinful children; knowledge of which at best St. Paul says, that we know only in part, and prophesy in part, and think as children; and that knowledge shall vanish away, and tongues shall cease, and prophecies shall fail.

And the boundless sea is the great ocean of time — of God's created universe, above which his spirit broods over, perfect in love and wisdom and almighty power, as at the beginning, moving above the face of the waters of time, giving life to all things, forever blessing, and forever blest.

God grant us all to see the day when we shall have passed safely across that sea of time, up to the sure land of eternity; and shall no more think as children, or know in part; but shall see God face to face, and know him even as we are known; and find him, the nearer we draw to him, more wonderful, and more glorious, and more good than ever.

LXXXII.

Mankind is a diseased race; and it must pay the penalty of its sins for many an age to come, and die, and suffer, and sorrow. But not forever. For what mean such words as these — for something they must mean?

“If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.” And again, “He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

Do such words as these mean only that we shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day? Surely not. Our Lord spoke them in answer to that very notion.

“Martha said to him, I know that my brother shall rise again, in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I *am* the resurrection and the life;” and then showed what he meant by bringing back Lazarus to life, unchanged, and as he had been before he died.

Surely if that miracle meant any thing, if these words meant any thing, it meant this: that those who die in the fear of God, and in the faith of Christ, do not really taste death; that to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state; that they pass at once, and instantly, into some new life, with all their powers,

all their feelings, unchanged, purified, doubtless, from earthly stains, but still the same living, thinking, active beings which they were here on earth. I say active. The Bible says nothing about their sleeping till the Day of Judgment, as some have fancied. Rest they may; rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care—this is the true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty, and yet not being able to do it. That is true rest; the rest of God, who works forever, and yet is at rest forever; as the stars over our heads move forever, thousands of miles each day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously, fulfilling the law which God has given them. Perfect rest, in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of his elect.

LXXXIII.

What comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life; if all that it changes in us is our body—the mere shell and husk of us—such a change as

comes over the snake, when he casts his old skin, and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison, and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly. Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting, and poison, and corrupt nothing of us for which our friends have loved us; nothing of us with which we could do service to men or God? Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which holds us down—the mortal body?

LXXXIV.

Death is not death, if it kills no part of us save that which hindered us from perfect life. Death is not death, if it raises us in a moment from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death, if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the fount of life. Death is not death, if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold him in whom we have believed. Death is not death, if it gives us to those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again. Death is not death, if it joins the child to the mother who is gone before. Death is not death, if it takes away from that mother forever all a mother's anxieties, a mother's fears,

and lets her see, in the gracious countenance of her Saviour, a sure and certain pledge that those whom she has left behind are safe, safe with Christ and in Christ, through all the chances and dangers of this mortal life. Death is not death, if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth, and then destroy. Death is not death; for Christ has conquered death for himself, and those who trust in him.

LXXXV.

Is not this mortal life compared with the life to come, as night compared with day? I do not mean to speak evil of it. God forbid that we should do any thing but thank God for this life. God forbid that we should say impiously to him: Why hast thou made me thus? No. God made this mortal life, and therefore, like all things which he has made, it is very good. But there are good nights, and there are bad nights; and there are happy lives and unhappy ones. But what are they at best? What is the life of the happiest man without the Holy Spirit of God? A night full of pleasant dreams. What is the life of the wisest man? A night of darkness, through which he gropes his way by lantern-light, slowly, and with many mistakes and

stumbles. When we compare man's vast capabilities with his small deeds; when we think how much he might know — how little he does know in this mortal life — can we wonder that the highest spirits in every age have looked on death as a deliverance out of darkness and a dungeon? And if this is life at the best, what is life at the worst? To how many is life a night, not of peace and rest, but of tossing and weariness, pain and sickness, anxiety and misery, till they are ready to cry: When will it be over? When will kind Death come and give me rest? When will the night of this life be spent, and the day of God arise? "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice. . . . My soul doth wait for the Lord more than the sick man who watches for the morning."

Yes, think — for it is good at times, however happy one may be oneself, to think — of all the misery and sorrow that there is on earth, and how many there are who would be glad to hear that it was nearly over; glad to hear that the night was far spent, and the day was at hand.

LXXXVI.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." They rest from their labors. All

their struggles, disappointments, failures, backslidings, which made them unhappy here, because they could not perfectly do the will of God, are past and over forever. But their works follow them. The good which they did on earth — that is not past and over. It cannot die. It lives and grows forever, following on in their path long after they are dead, and bearing fruit unto everlasting life, not only in them, but in men whom they never saw, and in generations yet unborn.

LXXXVII.

We shall rise again, and we shall be the same we are now, and yet not the same; our bodies shall be the same bodies, and yet nobler, purer, spiritual bodies, which can know neither death, nor pain, nor weariness. Then never care, though we drop like ripe grain into the bosom of mother earth, if we are to spring up again as seedling plants, after death's long winter, on the resurrection morn. Truly says the poet, how—

“Mother earth, she gathers all
Into her bosom, great and small;
Oh, could we look into her face
We should not shrink from her embrace.”

No, indeed! for if we look steadily with the wise, searching eye of faith into the face of mother earth, we shall see how death is but the gate of life, and the narrow churchyard but a blessed, quiet, seed-filled God's-garden, in which our forefathers, after their long life-labor, lay sown by God's friendly hand, waiting peaceful, one and all, to spring up into leaf and flower, and everlasting paradise-fruit beneath the breath of God's spirit at the last great day, when the Sun of Righteousness arises in glory, and the summer begins which shall never end.

LXXXVIII.

There was a heathen king once, named Philip of Macedon, and a very wise king he was, though he was a heathen, and one of the wisest of his plans was this: He had a slave whom he ordered to come in to him every morning of his life, whatever he was doing, and say to him in a loud voice, "Philip, remember that thou must die."

He was a heathen, but a great many who call themselves Christians are not half so wise as he, for they take all possible care not to remember that they must die, but to *forget* that they must die; and yet every living man has a servant who, like King Philip's, puts him in mind, whether he

likes it or not, that his day will run out at last, and his twelve hours of life be over, and then die he must. And who is that servant? A man's own body. Happy for him, though, if his body is his servant—not his *master* and his tyrant. But still, be that as it may, every finger-ache that one's body has, every cough and cold one's body catches, ought to be to us a warning like King Philip's servant, "Remember that thou must die." Every little pain and illness is a warning, a kindly hint from our Father in Heaven that we are doomed to death; that we have but twelve hours in this short day of life, and that the twelve must end; and that we must get our work done, and our accounts settled, and be ready for our long journey, to meet our Father and our King, before the night comes wherein no man can work, but only take his wages; for them who have done good the wages of life eternal, and for them who have done evil—God help them! we know what is written—"The wages of sin is death."

LXXXIX.

Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?

Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear away?

Cold, cold church, in thy death-sleep lying,
The Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not
thine Easter-day.

Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark and
sighing ;
Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself hath
lain ;
Weep, dear Lord, where thy bride is lying ;
Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to life
and health again.

XC.

What is life ? And what is the waters of life ?

What are they indeed, my friends ? You will find many answers to that question in this, as in all ages : but the one which Scripture gives is this : Life is none other, according to the Scripture, than God himself, Jesus Christ our Lord, who bestows on man his own Spirit, to form in him his own character, which is the character of God.

He is the one Eternal Life ; and it has been manifested in human form, that human beings might copy it ; and behold, it was full of grace and truth.

The life of grace and truth ; that is the life of Christ, and therefore the life of God.

The life of grace — of graciousness, love, pity,

generosity, usefulness, self-sacrifice ; the life of truth — of faithfulness, fairness, justice, the desire to impart knowledge and to guide men into all truth. The life, in one word, of charity, which is both grace and truth, both love and justice, in one eternal essence. That is the life which God lives for ever in heaven. That is the one Eternal Life, which must be also the life of God. For, as there is but one Eternal, even God, so is there but one eternal life, which is the life of God and his Christ. And the Spirit by which it is inspired into the hearts of men is the Spirit of God, who proceedeth alike from the Father and from the Son.

Have you not seen men and women in whom these words have been literally and palpably fulfilled? Have you not seen those who, though old in years, were so young in heart, that they seem to have drunk of the Fountain of perpetual youth — in whom, though the outward body decayed, the soul was renewed day by day ; who kept fresh and pure the noblest and holiest instincts of their childhood, and went on adding to them the experience, the calm, the charity of age? Persons whose eye was still so bright, whose smile was still so tender, that it seemed that they could never die? And when they died, or seemed to die, you felt that *THEY* were not dead, but only their husk and shell ; that they themselves, the character which you had loved and revered, must

endure on, beyond the grave, beyond the worlds, in an literally everlasting life, independent of nature, and of all the changes of the material universe.

XCI.

Our life's floor
Is laid upon eternity ; no crack in it
But shows the underlying heaven.

XCII.

It was credible enough in old times, when the earth was held to be all but the whole universe, that God should descend on earth, and take on him human nature, to save human beings. Is it credible now? This little corner of the systems and the galaxies? This paltry race which we call man? Are they worthy of the interposition, of the death, of Incarnate God — of the Maker of such a universe as science has discovered ?

Yes. If we will keep in mind that one word "Father." Then we dare say, yes, in full assurance of faith. For then we have taken the question off the mere material ground of size and power; to put it once and forever on that spiritual ground of justice and love which is implied in the one word — "Father."

If God be a perfect Father, then there must be a

perpetual intercourse of some kind between him and his children ; between him and that planet, however small, on which he has set his children, that they may be educated into his likeness. If God be perfect justice, the wrong, and consequent misery of the universe, however small, must be intolerable to him. If God be perfect love, there is no sacrifice — remember that great word — which he may not condescend to make, in order to right that wrong, and alleviate that misery. If God be the Father of our spirits, the spiritual welfare of his children may be more important to him than the whole brute matter of the universe. Think not to frighten us with the idols of size and height. God is a Spirit before whom all material things are equally great and equally small. Let us think of him as such, and not merely as a Being of physical power and inventive craft. Let us believe in our Father in heaven. For then that higher intellect, — that pure reason, which dwells not in the heads, but in the hearts of men, will tell them that if they have a Father in heaven, he must be exercising a special providence over the minutest affairs of their lives, by which he is striving to educate them into his likeness ; a special providence over the fate of every atom in the universe, by which his laws shall work together for the moral improvement of every creature capable thereof ; that not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his knowledge ; and

that not a hair of their head can be touched, unless suffering is needed for the education of their souls.

XCIII.

Look out on the world around you. What witness does it bear concerning the God who made it? Who made the sunshine, and the flowers, and singing birds, and little children, and all that causes the joy of this life? Let Christ himself speak, and his apostles. No one can say that their words are not true; that they were mistaken in their view of this earth, or of God who gave it to us that it might bear witness of him. What said our Lord to the poor folk of Galilee, of whom the Scribes and the Pharisees, in their pride said, "This people, who knoweth not the law, is accursed." What said our Lord, very God of very God? He told them to look on the world around, and learn from it that they had in heaven not a tyrant, not a destroyer, but a Father, a Father in heaven who is perfect in this, that he causeth his sun to shine upon them, and is good to the unthankful and the evil.

XCIV.

Cling to all which can fill your mind with lofty,

kindly, generous, loyal thoughts; and so, in God's good time, you will enter into the meaning of those great words—Abba, Father. The more you give up your hearts to such good feelings, the more you will understand of God; the more nobleness there is in you, the more you will see God's nobleness, God's justice, God's love, God's true glory. The more you become like God's Son, the more you will understand how God can stoop to call himself your Father; and the more you will understand what a Father, what a perfect Father God is. And in the world to come, I trust, you will enter into the glorious liberty of the sons of God—that liberty which comes not from doing your own will, but the will of God; that glory which comes not from having any thing of your own to pride yourselves upon, but from being filled with the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Jesus Christ, by which you shall forever look up freely, and yet reverently, to the Almighty God of heaven and earth, and say, "Impossible as the honor seems for man, yet thou, O God, hast said it, and it is true. Thou, even thou, art my Father, and I thy son in Jesus Christ, who became awhile the Son of man on earth, that I might become forever the son of God in heaven."

And so will come to us St. Paul's great words: "If we be sons, then heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ."

Heirs of God; but what is our inheritance? The same as Christ's.

And what is Christ's inheritance? What but God himself? The knowledge of our Father in heaven, of his love to us, and of his eternal beauty and glory, which fills all heavens and all worlds with light and life.

XCV.

This is the secret of life—to believe that God is your Father, schooling and training you from your cradle to your grave; and then to please him and obey him in all things, lifting up daily your hands and thankful heart, entreating him to purge the eyes of your soul, and give you the true wisdom, which is to see all things as they really are, and as God himself sees them. If you do that, you may believe that God will teach you more and more how to do in all the affairs of life, that which is right in his sight and therefore good for you. He will teach you more and more to see in all which happens to you, all which goes on around you, his fatherly love, his patient mercy, his providential care for all his creatures. He will reward you by making you more and more partaker of his Holy Spirit and of truth, by which, seeing every thing as it really is, you will at last

—if not in this life, still in the life to come—grow to see God himself, who has made all things according to his own eternal mind, that they may be a pattern of his unspeakable glory; and beyond that, who needs to see? For to know God, and to see God, is eternal life itself.

XCVI.

Not all the thinking in the world can ever make us comprehend the majesty of our Heavenly Father; but we do not remember enough what we do know of God. We think of God, watching the world and all things in it, and keeping them in order as a shepherd does his sheep, and so far so good; but we forget that God does more than this—we forget that this earth, sun, and moon, and all the thousand, thousand stars which cover the midnight sky—many of them suns larger than the sun we see, and worlds larger than the world on which we stand, that all these stretching away millions of millions of miles into boundless space—all are lying like one little grain of dust, in the hollow of God's hand, and that if he were to shut his hand upon them he could crush them into nothing, and God would be alone in the universe again as he was before heaven and earth were made. Think of that!—that if God was but to will it, we and this earth on which we stand, and

the heaven above us, and the sun that shines on us, should vanish away, and be nowhere and nothing. Think of the infinite power of God, and then think how is it possible to *live*, except by faith in him, by trusting to him utterly? If you accustom yourselves to think in the same way of the infinite wisdom of God, and the infinite love of God, they will both teach you the same lesson; they will show you that if you were the greatest, the wisest, the holiest man that ever lived, you would still be such a speck by the side of the Almighty and Everlasting God, that it would be madness to depend upon yourselves for any thing while you lived in God's world. For, after all, what *can* we do without God? In him we live, and move, and have our being. He made us, he gave us our bodies, he gave us our life; what we do, he lets us do; what we say, he lets us say; we all live on sufferance.

And it is the same with the life of our spirits; in it, too, we must live by faith. The life of our spirits is a gift from God, the Father of spirits, and he has chosen to declare that unless we trust to him for life, and ask him for life, he will not bestow it upon us. The life of our bodies he in his mercy keeps up, although we forget him; the life of our souls he will not keep up; therefore, for the sake of our spirits even more than of our bodies, we must live by faith. If we wish to be loving, pure, wise, manly, noble, we

must ask those excellent gifts of God, who is himself infinite love and purity, wisdom and nobleness.

XCVII.

Our Father—whenever you think of your duty to God or man, think but of those two words. Remember that all duty is duty to a Father—your Father—and such a Father! Who gave his only begotten Son to die for you, who showed what he was in that Son—full of goodness, perfectly merciful, perfectly just; and then you will not be inclined to ask how little obedience, how little love, how little service, he will allow you to pay him; but how much he will help you to pay him. Then you will feel that his service is perfect freedom, because it is service to a Father who loves you, and will help you to do his will. Then you will feel that his commandments are not grievous, because they are a Father's commandments, because you are bound to do them, not by dread and superstition, but by gratitude, honor, affection, respect, trust. Then you will not be thinking of what punishment will come if you disobey—no, nor of what reward will come if you obey—but you will be thinking of the commandment itself, and how to carry it out most perfectly, and let the consequences take care of themselves, because you know that your *Father* takes care of them; that

he loves you, and therefore what he commands must be good for you, utterly the best thing for you; that he only gives you a commandment because it is good for you; that you are made in God's image, and therefore God's will must be for you the path of life, the only rule by which you can prosper now and forever.

XCVIII.

When we are most calm, most humble, most free from ill-temper and self-conceit, most busy about our rightful work, then the feeling comes over us — I have a Father in heaven. And that feeling gives us a strength, a peace, a sure trust and hope which no other thought can give. Yes, we are ready to say, I may be miserable and unfortunate, but the great God of heaven and earth is my Father; and what can happen to me? I may be borne down with the remembrance of my great sins; I may find it almost too hard to fight against all my bad habits; but the great God who made heaven and earth is my Father and I am his son. He will forgive me for the past; he will help me to conquer for the future. If I do but remember that I am God's son, and claim my Father's promises, neither the world, nor the devil, nor my own sinful flesh can ever prevail against me.

XCIX.

Christ is the likeness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person ; perfect as his Father is perfect ; like his Father, he causeth his rain to fall on the evil and the good ; and his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust ; and is good to the unthankful and the evil — to you and me — and knows us, though we know him not ; and cares for us, though we care not for him ; and leads us his way like a good shepherd, when we fancy in our conceit that we are going in our own way. This is our hope, that his love is greater than our stupidity ; that he will not tire of us and our fancies, and our self-will, and our laziness, in spite of all our peevish tempers, and our mean and fruitless suspicions of his goodness. No ! He will not tire of us, but will seek us and save us when we go astray. And some day, somewhere, somehow, he will open our eyes, and let us see him as he is, and thank him as he deserves. Some day, when the veil is taken off our eyes, we shall see like those disciples at Emmaus, that Jesus has been walking with us, and breaking our bread for us, and blessing us all our lives long ; and that when our hearts burned within us at noble thoughts and stories of noble and righteous men and women, and at the hope that some day good would conquer evil, and heaven come down on earth,

then — so we shall find — God had been dwelling among men all along — even Jesus, who was dead and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of death and hell, and knows his sheep in this world and in all worlds, past, present and to come, and leads them, and will lead them forever, and none can pluck them out of his hand.

C.

Father and Son! Let philosophers and divines discover what they may about God, they will never discover any thing so deep as the wonder which lies in these two words, Father and Son. So deep, and yet so simple! So simple, that the wayfaring man, though poor, shall not err therein. “Who is God? What is God like? Where shall we find him, or his likeness?” So has mankind been crying in all ages, and getting no answer, or making answers for themselves in all sorts of superstitions, idolatries, false philosophies. And then the Gospel comes, and answers to every man, to every poor and unlearned laborer: Will you know the name of God? It is a Father, a Son, and a Holy Spirit of love, joy, peace; a spirit of perfect satisfaction of the Father in the Son, and perfect satisfaction of the Son with the Father, which proceeds from both the Father and the Son. It needs no scholarship to understand

that name; every one may understand it who is a good father; every one may understand it who is a good son, who looks up to and obeys his father with that filial spirit of love, and obedience, and satisfaction with his father's will, which is the likeness of the Holy Spirit of God, and can only flourish in any man by the help of the Holy Spirit, which proceeds from the Father and the Son.

Father and Son! what more beautiful words are there in the world? What more beautiful sight is there in the world than a son who really loves his father, really trusts his father, really does his duty to his father, really looks up to and obeys his father's will in all things? Who is ready to sacrifice his own credit, his own pleasure, his own success in life, for the sake of his father's comfort and honor? How much more fair and noble must be the love and trust which is between God the Father and God the Son!

CI.

Read how the Father loves the Son, and gives all things into his hand, and commits all judgment to the Son, and gives him power to have life in himself, even as the Father has life in himself, and shows him all things that himself doeth, that all men may honor the Son even as they honor the

Father. Read how the Son came only to show forth his Father's glory; to be the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person; to establish his Father's kingdom; to declare the goodness of his Father's name, which is *the* Father. How he does nothing of himself, but only what he sees his Father do; how he seeks not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him; how he sacrificed all, yea, even his most precious body and soul upon the cross, to finish the work which his Father gave him to do. How, being in the form of God, and thinking it no robbery to be equal with God, he could boldly say, "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father. I and my Father are one;" and still, in the fulness of his filial love and obedience, declared that he had no will, no wish, no work, no glory, but his Father's; and in the hour of his agony cried out, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

CII.

We'll talk of Christ;
We shall go mad with thinking of ourselves—
We'll talk of him, and of that new-made star,
Which, as he stooped into the Virgin's side,
From off his finger, like a signet gem,

He dropped in the empyrean for a sign.
But the first tear he shed at his birth-hour,
When he crept weeping forth to see our woe,
Fled up to Heaven in mist, and hid forever
Our sins, our works, and that same new-made star.

CIII.

When you hear of a noble action, is there nothing in you which makes you approve and admire it? Is there nothing in your hearts which makes you pity those who are in sorrow, and long to help them? Nothing which stirs your heart up when you hear of a man's nobly doing his duty, and dying rather than desert his post, or do a wrong or mean thing? Surely there is, surely there is.

Then, when those feelings come into your hearts, rejoice with trembling, as men to whom God has given a great and precious gift. For they are none other than the Spirit of the Son of God, striving with your hearts that he may form Christ in you, and raise up your hearts to cry with full faith to God, "My Father which art in heaven!"

CIV.

But where is the Holy Spirit? There is no *where* for spirits. All that we can say is, that the Holy Spirit is proceeding forever from the Father

and the Son; going forth forever, to bring light and life, righteousness and love, to all worlds, and to all hearts who will receive him. The lamps of fire which St. John saw, the dove which came down at Christ's baptism, the cloven tongues of fire which sat on the apostles—these were signs and tokens of the Spirit; but they were not the Spirit itself. Of the Spirit it is written, "It bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

It is enough for us that it is the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of the Holy Father, and of the Holy Son; like them eternal, like them incomprehensible, like them almighty, like them all-wise, all-just, all-loving, merciful, faithful, and true forever.

CV.

If you have the divine thirst, it will be surely satisfied. If you long to be better men and women, you will surely be. Only be true to those higher instincts; only do not learn to despise and quench that divine thirst; only struggle on, in spite of mistakes, of failures, even of sins—for every one of which last your Heavenly Father will chastise you, even while he forgives; in spite of all falls, struggle on. Blessed are you that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for you shall be filled.

To you — and not in vain — “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely.”

CVI.

If justice and honesty be God's likeness, who made us like God in this — who put into us this sense of justice which all have, though so few obey it? Can man make himself like God? Can a worm ape his maker? No. From God's Spirit, the Spirit of Right, came this inborn feeling of justice, this knowledge of right and wrong, to us — part of the image of God in which he created man — part of the breath or spirit of life which he breathed into Adam. Do not mistake me. I do not say that the sense, and honesty, and love in us, *are* God's Spirit — they are the spirit of *man*; but that they are *like* God's Spirit, and therefore must be given us *by* God's Spirit, to be used as God's Spirit himself uses them. How a man shall have his share of God's Spirit, and live in and by God's Spirit, is another question, and a higher and more blessed one; but we must master this question first — we must believe that our spirits come *from* God, then, perhaps, we shall begin to see that our spirits never can work well unless they are

joined to the Spirit of God, from whom they came.

CVII.

Through God's Spirit, Christ not only can, but will, give you light. And that Spirit is near you, with you. I will not say you do not know how much good there is in you; for in us dwells no good thing, and every good thought and feeling comes only from the Spirit of God: but I will say boldly to every one of you, you do not know how much good there may be in you if you will listen to those good thoughts of God's Spirit; you do not know how wise, how right, how strong, how happy, how useful you may become; you do not know what a blessing each of you may become to yourselves and to all around you. Only make up your mind to live by God's law; only make up your mind in all things, small and great, to go God's way, and not your own. Only make up your mind to listen, not to your own flesh, temper, and brain, which say this and that is pleasant, but listen to God's Spirit which says this is right, and that is wrong: this is your duty, do it.

CVIII.

He who goes to the Bible full of self-conceit

and selfishness, wanting the Bible to tell him only just what he likes to hear, will only find it a sealed book to him, and will very likely wrest the Scriptures to his own destruction. Take up your Bible humbly, praying to God to show you its meaning, whether it be pleasant to you or not, and then you will find that God will show you a blessed meaning in it; He will open your eyes, that you may understand the wondrous things of His law; he will show you how to try the spirit of all you are taught, and to find out whether it comes from God.

CIX.

Oh, that men would use that treasure of the Bible as it deserves; oh, that they would believe from their hearts, that whatever is said there is truly said, that whatever is said there is said to them, that whatever names things are called there are called by their right names. Then men would no longer call the vile person beautiful, or call pride and vanity honor, or covetousness respectability, or call sin worldly wisdom; but they would call things as Christ calls them—they would try to copy Christ's thoughts and Christ's teaching; and instead of looking for instruction and comfort to lying opinions and false worldly cunning, they

would find their only advice in the blessed teaching, and their only comfort in the gracious promises, of the word of the Book of Life.

CX.

Do not fancy, as too many do, that thou canst praise God by singing hymns to him in church once a week, and disobeying him all the week long, crying to him, "Lord, Lord!" and then living as if he were not thy Lord, but thou wast thine own Lord, and hadst a right to do thine own will and not his. If thou wilt really bless God, then try to live his blessed life of goodness. If thou wilt truly praise God, then behave as if God was praiseworthy, good, and right in what he bids thee do. If thou wouldst really magnify God, and declare his greatness, then behave as if he were indeed the great God who ought to be obeyed—ay, who *must* be obeyed; for his commandment is life, and it alone, to thee, as well as to all which he has made. Dost thou fancy, as the heathen do, that God needs to be flattered with fine words? or that thou wilt be heard for thy much speaking, and thy vain repetitions? He asks of thee works as well as words; and more, he asks of thee works first, and words after. And better it is to praise him truly by works without

words, than falsely by words without works.

Cry, if thou wilt, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; but show that thou believest him to be holy by being holy thyself. Sing, if thou wilt, of "The Father of an Infinite Majesty;" but show that thou believest his majesty to be infinite by obeying his commandments, let them cost thee what they may. Join, and join freely, in the songs of the heavenly host; for God has given thee reason and speech, after the likeness of his only begotten Son, and thou mayest use them, as well as every other gift, in the service of thy Father. But take care lest, while thou art trying to copy the angels, thou art not even as righteous as the beasts of the field. For they bless and praise God by obeying his laws; and till thou dost that, and obeyest God's laws likewise, thou art not as good as the grass beneath thy feet.

For after all has been said and sung, my friends, the sum and substance of true religion remains what it was and what it will be forever; and lies in this one word: "If ye love Me, keep my commandments."

CXI.

If you believe in your "Heavenly Father," the good God whom your Lord Jesus Christ has revealed to

you ; and if you will consider that he is good, and consider what that word good means, then you will not have far to seek before you find what worship means, and how you can worship him in spirit and in truth.

For if God be good, worshipping him must mean praising and admiring him — adoring him, as we call it — for being good.

And nothing more? Certainly much more. Also to ask him to make us good. That, too, must be a part of worshipping a good God. For the very property of goodness is, that it wishes to make others good. And if God be good, he must wish to make us good also.

To adore God, then, for his goodness, and to pray to him to make us good, is the sum and substance of all wholesome worship. And for that purpose a man may come to church, and worship God in spirit and in truth, though he be dissatisfied with himself, and ashamed of himself, and knows that he is wrong in many things — provided always that he wishes to be set right, and made good.

CXII.

Human nature is made, so the Bible tells us, in some mysterious way, after the likeness of God ; of Christ, the eternal son of man, who is in heaven ;

for the Bible speaks of the word or voice of God as appearing to man in something of a human voice; reasoning with him as man reasons with man; and feeling toward him human feelings. That is the doctrine of the Bible, of David and the prophets, just as much as of Genesis or of St. Paul.

That is a great mystery and a great glory; but that alone could not make man good, could not even keep him alive.

For God made man for something more noble and blessed than to follow even his own lofty human nature. God made the animals to follow their natures each after its kind, and to do each what it liked without sin. But he made man to do more than that, to do more than what he *likes*, namely, to do what he *ought*. God made man to love him, to obey him, to copy him, by doing God's will, and living God's life, lovingly, joyfully, and of his own free will, as a son follows the father whose will he delights to do.

CXIII.

Think of what you say when you say, "I am a man." Remember that you are claiming for yourselves the very highest honor—an honor too great to make you proud; an honor so great that, if you understand it rightly, it must fill you with awe, and trembling, and the spirit of godly fear, lest, when

God has put you up so high, you should fall shamefully again. For the higher the place, the deeper the fall ; and the greater the horror, the greater the shame of losing it.

CXIV.

God made us, and if the Bible be true, there must be good in us. When God said, Let that man be ; when God first thought of us, if I may so speak, before the foundation of the world—he thought of us as good. He created each of us good in his own mind, else he would not have created us at all. But why were we not good when we came on earth ? Why do we come into this world sinful ? Why does God's thought of us, God's purpose about us, seem to have failed ? We do not know, and we need not know. St. Paul tells us that it came by Adam's fall ; that by Adam's fall sin entered into the world, and each man, as he came into it, became sinful. *How* that was we cannot understand—we need not understand. Let us believe and be silent ; but let us believe this also, that St. Paul speaks truth not in this only, but in that blessed and glorious news with which he follows up his sad and bad news. “As by the offense of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation ; even so by the righteousness of one,

the free gift came upon all men to justification of life."

Yes; we may say boldly now, whatever has been; whatever sin I inherited from Adam; however sinful I came into this world, God looks on me now, not as I am in Adam, but as I am in Christ. I am in Christ now, baptized into Christ, a new creature in Christ; To Christ I belong, and not to Adam at all; and God looks now, not on the old corrupt nature which I inherited from Adam, but on the new and good grace which God meant for me from all eternity, which Christ has given me now. It is that good and new grace in me which God cares for; it is that good and new grace which God is working on, to strengthen and perfect it, that I may grow in grace, and in the likeness of Christ, and become at last what God intended me to be, when he thought of me first before the foundation of all worlds, and said, "Let us make man (not one man, but all men, male and female) in our image, after our likeness."

CXV.

All which is good in you God has made, and he will take care of what he has made, for he loves it. All which is bad in you, God has not

made, and therefore he will destroy it, for he hates all that he has not made, and will not suffer it in his world; and if you, your heart, your will, are enlisted on the good side, if you are wishing and trying that the good nature in you should conquer the bad, then you are on the side of God himself, and God himself is on your side; and "if God be for us, who shall be against us?"

Take courage, then. If thou dislikest thy sins, so does God. If thou art fighting against thy worst feelings, so is God. On thy side is God who made all, and Christ who died for all, and the Holy Spirit who alone gives wisdom, purity, nobleness. How canst thou fail when he is on thy side? On thy side are all spirits of just men made perfect, all wise and good souls and persons in earth and heaven, all good and wholesome influences, whether of nature or of grace, of matter or of mind. How canst thou fail if they are on thy side? God, I say, and all that God has made, are working together to bring true of thee the word of God—"And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good." Believe, and endure to the end, and thou shalt be found in Christ at the last day; and being in Christ, have thy share at last in the blessing which the Father pronounces everlastingly on Christ, and on the members of Christ, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

CXVI.

If we are selfish, and take care only of ourselves, the day will come when our neighbors will leave us alone in our selfishness to shift for ourselves. If we set out determining through life to care about ourselves rather than other people, then they will care for themselves more than for us, and measure their love to us by our measure of love to them. But if we care for others, they will learn to care for us; if we befriend others, they will befriend us. If we show forth the spirit of God to them, in kindliness, generosity, patience, self-sacrifice, the day will surely come when we shall find that the Spirit of God is in our neighbors as well as in ourselves; that on the whole they will be just to us, and pay us what we have deserved and earned. Blessed and comfortable thought, that no kind word, kind action, not even the cup of cold water given in Christ's name, can lose its reward. Blessed thought, that, after all our neighbors are our brothers, and that if we remember that steadily, and treat them as brothers now, they will recollect it, too, some day, and treat us as brothers in return. Blessed thought, that there is in the heart of every man a spark of God's light, a grain of God's justice, which may grow up in him hereafter, and bear good fruit to eternal life.

CXVII.

With a closer knowledge of our fellow-creatures comes toleration, pity, sympathy, and as that sympathy has been freely obeyed, it has justified itself more and more. The more we have tried to help our fellow-men, the more easy we have found it to help them. The more we have trusted them, the more trustworthy we have found them. The more we have treated them like human beings, the more humanity we have found in them.

And thus man, in proportion as he becomes manifest to man, is seen, in spite of all defects and sins, to be hallowed with a light from God who made him.

CXVIII.

Each has his gift —

Our souls are organ-pipes of diverse stop
And various pitch; each with its proper notes
Thrilling beneath the self-same breath of God,
Though poor alone, yet joined they're harmony.

CXIX.

Every man has his gift, and the tools go to him
that can use them.

CXX.

We live too slow — our gummy blood
Without fresh purging airs from heaven, would choke
Slower and slower, till it stopped and froze.
God! fight we not within a cursed world,
Whose very air teems thick with leagued fiends? —
Each word we speak has infinite effects —
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell —
And this our one chance through eternity
To drop and die, like dead leaves in the brake,
Or like the meteor stone, though whelmed itself,
Kindle the dry moors into fruitful blaze.
Be earnest, earnest, earnest! Mad, if thou wilt;
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the judgment day.

CXXI.

Oh, my friends, whenever we are tempted to be selfish and grasping, be sure that we are opening a door to the very devil of hell himself, though he may look so smooth, and gentle, and respectable, that perhaps we shall not know him when he comes to us, and shall take his counsels for the counsel of an angel of light. But be sure that if it is selfishness which has opened the door of our heart, not God, but the devil will come in, let him disguise himself as cunningly as he will; and our

only hope is to flee to him in whom there was no selfishness, the Lord Jesus Christ, who came not to do his own will, but his Father's; not to glorify himself, but his Father; not to save his own life, but to sacrifice it freely, for us, his selfish, weak, greedy, wandering sheep.

CXXII.

Nought lives for self. All, all, from crown to foot-
stool —

The Lamb, before the world's foundations slain —

The angels, ministers to God's elect —

The sun, who only shines to light a world —

The clouds, whose glory is to die in showers —

The fleeting streams, who, in their ocean-graves,

Flee the decay of stagnant self-content —

The oak, ennobled by the shipwright's axe —

The soil, which yields its marrow to the flower —

The flower, which feeds a thousand velvet worms,

Born, only to be prey for every bird —

All spend themselves for others: and shall man,

Earth's rosy blossom — image of his God —

Whose twofold being is the mystic knot

Which couples earth and heaven — doubly bound

As being both worm and angel to that service

By which both worms and angels hold their life;

Shall he, whose every breath is debt on debt,

Refuse, without some hope of further wage

Which he calls Heaven, to be what God has made
him ?

No! let him show himself the creature's lord
By free-will gift of that self-sacrifice
Which they perforce by Nature's law must suffer.

CXXIII.

The desire to escape pains and penalties hereafter
by pains and penalties here ; the balance of present
loss against a future gain — what is this but selfish-
ness extended out of this world into eternity ? “Not
worldliness,” indeed, as a satirist once said with bitter
truth, “but other-worldliness.”

CXXIV.

All that men ever did well, or nobly, or lovingly,
in this world, was done by faith — by faith in God
of some sort or other ; even in the man who
thinks least about religion, it is so. Every time a
man means to do, and really does a just or
generous action, he does it because he believes
more or less clearly that there is a just and
loving God above him, and that justice and love
are the right thing for a man — the law by which
God intended him to walk : so that this small, dim
faith still shows itself in practice ; and the more

faith a man has in God and in God's laws, the more it will show itself in every action of his daily life; and the more this faith works in his life and conduct, the better man he is;—the more he is like God's image, in which man was originally made;—and the more he is like Christ, the new pattern of God's image, whom all men must copy.

CXXV.

When the Bible tells us that we can do nothing of ourselves, but can only live by faith, the Bible puts the highest honor upon us which any created thing can have. What are the things which cannot live by faith? The trees and plants, the beasts and birds, which, though they live and grow by God's providence, yet do not know it, do not thank him, cannot ask him for more strength and life as we can, are mere dead tools in God's hands, instead of living reasonable beings as we are. It is only reasonable beings, like men and angels, with immortal spirits in them, who can live by faith, and it is the greatest glory and honor to us, I say again, that we can do so—that the glorious, infinite God, maker of heaven and earth, should condescend to ask us to be loyal to him, to love him, should encourage us to pray to him boldly, and then should condescend to hear our prayers,

we, who in comparison of him, are smaller than the gnats in the sunbeam in comparison of men !

CXXVI.

Instead of being ashamed of being able to do nothing for ourselves, we ought to rejoice at having God for our Father and our friend, to enable us to "do all things through him who strengtheneth us," to do whatever is noble, and loving, and worthy of true men. Instead, then, of dreaming conceitedly that God will accept us for our own sakes, let us just be content to be accepted for the sake of Jesus Christ our King. Instead of trying to walk through this world without God's help, let us ask God to help and guide us in every action of our lives, and then go manfully forward, doing with all our might whatsoever our hands or our hearts see right to do, trusting to God to put us in the right path, and to fill our heads with right thoughts and our hearts with right feeling; and so our faith will show itself in our works, and we shall be justified at the last day, as all good men have ever been, by trusting to our Heavenly Father, and to the Lord Jesus Christ, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit.

CXXVII.

Oh! my friends, when people are talking about faith and works, and trying to reconcile St. Paul and St. James, as they call it, because St. Paul says, Abraham was justified by faith, and St. James says, Abraham was justified by works, if they would but pray for the simple, childlike heart, and the head of common sense, and look at their own children, who, every time they go on a message for them, settle without knowing it, this mighty difference of man's making between faith and works. You tell a little child daily to do many things the meaning and use of which it cannot understand; and the child has faith in what you tell it; and therefore it does what you tell it; and so it shows its faith in you by obedience in working for you.

CXXVIII.

The church-bells were ringing, the devil sat singing
On the stump of a rotting old tree;
"Oh faith, it grows cold, and the creeds they grow
old,
And the world is nigh ready for me."
The bells went on ringing, a spirit came singing,
And smiled as he crumbled the tree;

“Yon wood does but perish new seedlings to cherish,
And the world is too live yet for thee.”

CXXIX.

We must not expect to *buy* God's favor by obeying him—we must not expect that the more we do for God, the more God will be bound to do for us, as the Papists do. No; God has done for us all that he will do. He has promised all that he will promise. He has provided us as he provided Abraham, a lamb for the burnt-offering, the Lamb without blemish and without spot, which taketh away the sins of the world. We are his redeemed people—we have a share in his promises—he bids us believe *that*, and show that we believe it by living as redeemed men, not our own, but bought with a price, and created anew in Christ Jesus to do good works; not that we may buy forgiveness by them, but that we may show by them that we believe that God has forgiven us already, and that when we have done all that is commanded us, we are still unprofitable servants; for though we should give up at God's bidding our children, our wives, and our limbs and lives, and show as utter faith in God, and complete obedience to God, as Abraham did, we should only have done just what it was already our duty to do.

CXXX.

One word of warning spoken to keep a little child out of sin, one crust of bread given to a beggar man because he is your brother, for whom Christ died, one angry word checked, when it is on your lips, for the sake of him who was meek and lowly of heart; in short, any, the smallest endeavor of this kind to lessen the quantity of evil which is in yourselves, and in those around you, is worth all the speculations, and raptures, and visions, and frames, and feelings, in the world; for those are the good fruits of faith, whereby alone the tree shall be known whether it be good or evil.

CXXXI.

I had built myself
A Babel-tower, whose top should reach to heaven,
Of poor men's praise and prayers, and subtile
pride
At mine own alms. 'Tis crumbled into dust!
Oh! I have leant upon an arm of flesh—
And here's its strength! I'll walk by faith—by
faith!
And rest my weary heart on Christ alone—
On him, the all-sufficient!

CXXXII.

As I read nature's parable, I find nothing in it but hope. What if there be darkness; the sun will rise to-morrow. What if there seems a chaos; the great organic world is still living, and growing, and feeding, unseen by us, all the black night through; and every phosphoric atom is a sign that even in the darkest night there is still the power of light, ready to flash out, wherever and however it is stirred. Does the age seem to you dark? Do you feel the awful sadness of that text, "The time shall come when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Lord, and shall not see it?" Then remember that

"The night is never so long
But at last it ringeth for matin song."

And even so it is in the world of men. The night is peopled not merely with phantoms and wizards, superstitions and spirits of evil, but under its shadow all sciences, methods, social energies, are taking rest, and growing, and feeding, unknown to themselves, that they may awake into a new life, and intermarry, and beget children nobler than themselves when "the day-spring from on high comes down." Even now, see! the dawn is gilding the

highest souls, and we are in the night only because we crawl below. What if we be unconscious of all the living energies which are fermenting round us? Is not every moorland pool, every drop of the summer sea, alive with beautiful organizations, multiplying as fast as the thoughts of man? Is not every leaf breathing, every sap vein drinking, though we may not see them? "Even so is the kingdom of God; like seed sown in the ground; and men rise, and lie down and sleep; and it groweth up they know not how.

CXXXIII.

Is it absolutely demanded that no poet shall say any thing whatsoever that any other poet has said? How is the student to learn except by copying his master's models? Is the young painter or sculptor a plagiarist because he spends the first, often the best, years of his life in copying Greek statues; or the school-boy for toiling at the reproduction of Latin metres and images, in what are honestly and fittingly called "copies" of verses? And what if the young artist shall choose to put a few drawings into the exhibition, or to carve and sell a few statuettes? What if the schoolboy grown into a gownsman, shall contribute his share to a set of *Arundines Cami* or *Prolusiones Etonienses*? Will

any one who really knows what art or education mean, complain of them for having imitated their models however servilely? Will he not rather hail such an imitation as a fair proof, first of the student's reverence for authority—a more important element of “genius” than most young folks fancy—and next, of his possessing any artistic power whatsoever? For surely, if the greater contains the less the power of creating must contain that of imitating. A young author's power of accurate imitation is, after all, the primary and indispensable test of his having even the capability of becoming a poet. He who cannot write in a style which he does know, will certainly not be able to invent a new style for himself. The first and simplest form in which any metrical ear, or fancy, or imagination can show itself, must needs be in imitating existing models. Innate good taste—that is, true poetic genius—will, of course, choose the best models in the long run. But not necessarily at first. What shall be the student's earliest ideal, must needs be determined for him by circumstances, by the books to which he has access, by the public opinion which he hears expressed. Enough if he chooses the best models which he knows, and tries to exhaust them, and learn all he can from them, ready to quit them hereafter, when he comes across better ones, yet without throwing away what he has

learned. "Be faithful in a few things, and thou shalt become ruler over many things," is one of those eternal moral laws which, like many others, holds as true of art as it does of virtue.

CXXXIV.

Man is a poetry-writing animal. Perhaps he was meant to be one. At all events, he can no more be kept from it than from eating. It is better, with Mr. Carlyle's leave, to believe that the existence of poetry indicates some universal human hunger, whether after "the beautiful," or after "fame," or after the means of paying butchers' bills; and accepting it as a necessary evil which must be committed, to see that it be committed as well, or at least as little ill as possible. In excuse of which, we may quote Mr. Carlyle against himself, reminding him of a saying of Goethe's once bepraised by him in print: "We must take care of the beautiful, for the useful will take care of itself."

CXXXV.

Human nature, human temptations, human problems, are radically the same in every age, by whatsoever outward difference of words they may seem

distinguished. Where is deeper philosophic thought, true or false, expressed in verse, than in Dante, or in Spencer's two cantos of *Mutabilities*? Yet, if they are difficult to understand, their darkness is that of the dark, blue sea. Vague they never are; obscure they never are; because they see clearly what they want to say, and how to say it. There is always a sound and coherent meaning in them, to be found if it be searched for.

The real cause of modern vagueness is to be found in shallow and unsound culture, and in that inability, or carelessness about seeing any object clearly, which besets our poets just now; as the cause of antique clearness lies in the nobler and healthier manhood, in the severer and more methodic habits of thought, the sounder philosophic and critical training, which enabled Spencer and Milton to draw up a state paper or to discourse deep metaphysics, with the same manful possession of their subject which gives grace and completeness to the *Penoso* or the *Epithalamion*; and if our poets have their doubts, they should remember that those to whom doubt and inquiry are real and stern, are not inclined to sing about them till they can sing poems of triumph over them. There has no temptation taken our modern poets, save that which is common to man—the temptation of wishing to make the laws of the universe and of art fit them,

as they do not feel inclined to make themselves fit the laws, or care to find them out.

CXXXVI.

The "subjective" poet—in plain words the egotist—is always comparing himself with every man he meets, and therefore momentarily tempted to steal bits of their finery wherewith to patch his own rents, while the man who is content to be simply what God has made him, goes on from strength to strength, developing almost unconsciously under a divine education, by which his real personality and salient points by which he is distinguished from his fellows, become apparent with more and more distinctness of form, and brilliance of light and shadow, as those well know who have watched human character attain its clearest and grandest as well as its loveliest outlines, not among hankerers after fame and power, but on lonely sick-beds, and during long unknown martyrdom of humble self-sacrifice and loving drudgery.

CXXXVII.

What man wants, what art wants, perhaps what the maker of them both wants, is a poet who shall begin by confessing that he is as other men

are, and sing about things which concern all men, in language which all men can understand. This is the only road to that gift of prophecy which most young poets are nowadays in such a hurry to arrogate to themselves. We can only tell what man will be by fair induction, by knowing what he is, what he has been.

And it is most noteworthy that in this age, in which there is more knowledge than there ever was of what man has been, and more knowledge, through innumerable novelists, and those most subtle and finished ones, of what man is, that poetry should so carefully avoid drawing from this fresh stock of information in her so-confident horoscopes of what man will be.

There is, just now, as wide a divorce between poetry and the common sense of all time, as there is between poetry and modern knowledge. Our poets are not merely vague and confused, they are altogether fragmentary—*disjectamembra poetarum*. They need some uniting idea; and what idea?

Our answer will probably be greeted with a laugh. Nevertheless we answer simply: What our poets want is faith.

There is little or no faith nowadays, and without faith there can be no real art; for art is the outward expression of firm coherent belief. And a poetry of doubt, even a skeptical poetry, in its

true sense, can never possess clear and sound form, even organic form at all. How can you put into form that thought which is by its very nature, formless? How can you group words round a central idea, when you do not possess a central idea? Shakespeare, in his one skeptic tragedy, has to desert the pure tragic form, and "Hamlet" remains the beau-ideal of "the poetry of doubt." But what would a tragedy be in which the actors were all Hamlets, or rather scraps of Hamlets? A drama of Hamlet is only possible because the one skeptic is surrounded by characters who have some positive faith, who do their work for good or evil undoubtedly, while he is speculating about his. And both Ophelia and Laertes, Fortinbras, the king, yea, the very grave-digger, know well enough what they want, whether Hamlet does or not. The whole play is, in fact, Shakespeare's subtile *reductio ad absurdum* of that very diseased type of mind which has been, for the last forty years, identified with "genius" — with one difference, namely, that Shakespeare, with his usual clearness of conception, exhibits the said intellectual type pure and simple, while modern poets degrade and confuse it, and degrade and confuse also, all the questions dependent on it, by mixing it up, and unnecessarily, too, with all manner of moral weakness, and very often moral crimes.

CXXXVIII.

Loose concerts, fancies of the private judgment, were excusable enough in the Elizabethan poets. In their day, nature was still unconquered by science; mediæval superstitions still lingered in the minds of men; and the magical notions of nature which they had inherited from the Middle Age received a corroboration from those Neo Platonist dreamers, whom they confounded with the true Greek philosophers. But, now that Bacon has spoken, and that Europe has obeyed him, surely, among the most practical, common-sense and scientific nation of the earth, severely scientific imagery, imagery drawn from the inner laws of nature, is necessary to touch the hearts of men. They know that the universe is not such as poets paint it; they know that these pretty thoughts are only pretty thoughts, springing from the caprice, the vanity, very often from the indigestion of the gentlemen who take the trouble to sing to them; and they listen, as they would to a band of street musicians, and give them sixpence for their time, and go on with their work.

The time outside has nothing to do with the work inside. It will not help them to be wiser, abler, more valiant—certainly not more cheerful and hopeful men, and therefore they care no more for

it than they do for an opera or a pantomine, if as much. Whereupon the poets get disgusted with this same hard-hearted, prosaic world—which is trying to get its living like an industrious animal as it is—and demand homage—for what? For making a noise, pleasant or otherwise? For not being as other men are? For pleading “the eccentricities of genius” as an excuse for sitting like naughty children in the middle of the schoolroom floor, in everybody’s way, shouting and playing on penny trumpets, and when begged to be quiet that other people may learn their lessons, considering themselves insulted, and pleading “genius?” Genius!—hapless by-word, which, like charity, covers nowadays the multitude of sins, all the seven deadly ones included! Is there any form of human folly which one has not heard excused by “he is a genius, you know—one must not judge him by common rules.” Poor genius—to have come to this!

CXXXIX.

While young gentlemen are talking about governing heaven and earth by verse, Wellingtons and Peels, Arkwrights and Stephensons, Frys and Chisholms, are doing it by plain, practical prose; and even of those who have moved and led the hearts of men by verse, every one, as far as we know,

has produced his magical effects by poetry of the very opposite form to that which is now in fashion. What poet ever had more influence than Homer? What poet is more utterly antipodal to our modern schools? There are certain Hebrew psalms, too, which will be confessed, even by those who differ most from them, to have exercised some slight influence on human thought and action, and to be likely to exercise the same for some time to come. Are they any more like our modern poetic forms than they are like our modern poetic matter? Ay, even in our own time, what has been the form, what the temper, of all poetry, from Körner and Heine, which has made the German heart leap up, but simplicity, manhood, clearness, finished melody, the very opposite, in a word, of our new school? And to look at home, what is the modern poetry which lives on the lips and in the hearts of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen. It is not only simple in form and language, but much of it fitted, by a severe exercise of artistic patience, to times already existing. Who does not remember how the *Marseillaise* was born, or how Burn's *Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*, or the story of Moore's taking the old *Red Fox March* and giving it new immortality, as *Let Erin remember the days of old*, while poor Emmet sprang up and cried, "Oh, that I had twenty thousand Irishmen marching to that

tune!" So it is, even to this day, and let those who hanker after poetic fame take note of it; not a poem which is now really living, but has gained its immortality by virtue of simplicity and positive faith.

CXL.

Let the poets of the new school consider carefully Wolfe's *Sir John Moore*, Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, *Mariners of England*, and *Rule, Britannia*, Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and *Bridge of Sighs*, and then ask themselves, as men who would be poets, were it not better to have written any one of those glorious lyrics than all which John Keats has left behind him; and let them be sure that howsoever they may answer the question to themselves, the sound heart of the English people has already made its choice; and that when that beautiful *Hero and Leander* in which Hood has outrivalled the conceit-mongers at their own weapons by virtue of that very terseness, clearness, and manliness, which they neglect, has been gathered to the limbo of the Crashawes and Marinos; his *Song of the Shirt* and his *Bridge of Sighs* will be esteemed by great new English nations, far beyond the seas, for what they are — two of the most noble lyric poems ever written by an English pen.

CXLI.

The poet, I suppose, must be a seer as long as he is a worker, and a seer only. He has no time to philosophize—to “think about thinking,” as Goethe, I have somewhere read, says that he never could do. It is too often only in sickness, and prostration, and sheer despair, that the fierce voracity and swift digestion of his soul can cease, and give him time to know himself and God’s dealings with him; and for that reason it is good for him, too, to have been afflicted.

CXLII.

Why is it that the latest poet has generally the greatest influence over the minds of the young? Surely not for the mere charm of novelty?

The reason is that the poet himself, living amid the same hopes, the same temptations, the same sphere of observation as they, gives utterance and outward form to the very questions which, vague and wordless, have been exercising their hearts.

CXLIH.

All great poets are by their office democrats;

seers of man only as man; singers of the joys, the sorrows, the aspirations common to all humanity; but in Alfred Tennyson there is an element especially democratic, truly levelling; not his political opinions, about which I know nothing and care less, but his handling of the trivial every-day sights and sounds of nature. Brought up, as I understand, in a part of England which possesses not much of the picturesque, and nothing of that which the vulgar call sublime, he has learnt to see that in all nature, in the hedgerow and the sandbank, as well as in the Alp peak and the ocean waste, is a world of true sublimity—a minute infinite—an ever-fertile garden of poetic images, the roots of which are in the unfathomable and the eternal, as truly as any phenomenon which astonishes and awes the eye. The descriptions of the desolate pools and creeks where the dying swan floated, the tint of the silvery marsh morasses by Mariana's moat, came to me like revelations. I always knew there was something beautiful, wonderful, sublime, in those flowery dykes of Battersea fields; in the long, gravelly sweeps of that lone tidal shore; and here was a man who put them into words for me. And surely all the age is tending in that direction; in Landseer and his dogs, in Fielding and his downs, with a host of noble fellow-artists—and in all authors who have really seized the nation's mind,

from Crabbe and Burns and Wordsworth, to Hood and Dickens, the great tide sets ever onward, outward, towards that which is common to the many, not that which is exclusive to the few—towards the likeness of Him who causes his rain to fall on the just and the unjust, and his sun to shine on the evil and the good; who knoweth the cattle upon a thousand hills, and all the beasts of the field are in his sight.

CXLIV.

“Ech!” said Sandy Mackaye, “owre young to marry, is owre young to write; but it’s the way o’ these puir distractit times. Nae chick can find a grain o’ corn, but oot he rins cackling wi’ the shell on his head, to tell it to a’ the warld, as if there was never barley grown on the face o’ the earth before. I wonder whether Isaiah began to write before his beard was grown, or Dawvid either. He had mony a long year o’ shepherding, an’ moss-trooping, an’ rugging, an’ riving i’ the wilderness, I’ll warrant, afore he got thae gran’ lyrics o’ his oot o’ him. Ye might tak example too, gin ye were minded, by Moses, the man o’ God, that was joost forty years at the learning o’ the Egyptians, afore he thocht gude to come forward into public life, an’ then fun’ to his gran’

surprise, I warrant, that he'd begun forty years too sune—an' then had forty years mair, after that, o' marching, an' law-giving, an' bearing the burdens o' the people, before he turned poet."

"Poet, sir!" exclaimed Alton Locke, "I never saw Moses in that light before."

"Then ye'll just read the ninetieth Psalm—'The prayer o' Moses, the man o' God'—the grandest piece o' lyric, to my taste, that I ever heard o' on the face o' God's earth, an' see what a man can write that'll have the patience to wait a century or twa before he rins to the publishers. I gie ye up fra' this moment; the letting out o' ink is like the letting out o' waters, or the eating o' opium, or the getting up at public meetings—when a man begins he canna stop. There's nae mair enslaving lust o' the flesh under the heaven than that same *furor scribendi*, as the Latins hae it."

CXLV.

Perhaps the only way to write songs is to let some air get possession of one's whole soul, and gradually inspire the words for itself. Just as the old Hebrew prophets had music played before them to wake up the true prophetic spirit within them.

CXLVI.

A poet, especially one who wishes to be not merely a describer of pretty things, but a "Vater" and seer of new truth, must often say things which other people do not like to say, and do things which others do not like to do. And, moreover, he will be generally gifted, for the very purpose of enabling him to say and do these strange things, with a sensibility more delicate than common, often painful enough to himself. How easy for such a man to think that he has a right not to be as other men are; to despise little conventionalities, courtesies, even decencies; to offend boldly and carelessly, conscious that he has something right and valuable within himself, which not only atones for such defects, but allows him to indulge in them, as badges of his own superiority?

This has been the notion of artistic genius which has spread among us of late years, just in proportion as the real amount of artistic genius has diminished; till we see men, on the mere ground of being literary men, too refined to keep accounts or pay their butchers' bills; affecting the pettiest absurdities in dress, in manner, in food; giving themselves credit for being unable to bear a noise, keep their temper, educate their own children, associate with their fellow-men; and a thousand other paltry weak-

nesses, morosenesses, self-indulgences, fastidiousnesses, vulgarities — for all this is essentially vulgar, and demands not honor and sympathy, but a chapter in Mr. Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*. *Non sic itur ad astia*. Self-indulgence and exclusiveness can only be a proof of weakness. It may accompany talent, but it proves that talent to be partial and defective. The brain may be large, but the manhood, the "virtus" is small, where such things are allowed, much more where they are gloried in. A poet such a man may be, but a world-poet never.

CXLVII.

If a poet has to offend the prejudices of the world in important things, that is all the more reason for his bowing to those prejudices in little things, and being content to be like his neighbors in outward matters in order that he may make them like himself in inward ones. Shall such a man dare to hinder his own message, to drive away the very hearers to whom he believes himself to be sent, for the sake of his own nerves, laziness, antipathies, much more of his own vanity and pride? If he does so, he is unfaithful to that very genius on which he prides himself. He denies its divinity by treating it as his own possession, to be displayed or hidden as he chooses, for his own enjoyment,

his own self-glorification. Well for such a man if a day comes to him in which he will look back with shame and self-reproach, not merely on every scandal which he may have caused by breaking the moral and social laws of humanity; by neglecting to restrain his appetites, pay his bills, and keep his engagements; but also on every conceited word and look, every *gaucherie* and rudeness, every self-indulgent moroseness and fastidiousness, as sins against the sacred charge which has been committed to him; and determines, with that Jew of old, who, to judge from his letter to Philemon, was one of the most perfect gentlemen of God's making who ever walked this earth, to become "all things to all men, if by any means he may save some."

CXLVIII.

"You a poet!" said Sandy to Alton; "true poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame. If ye'll be a poet at a', ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation, and mourning, and woe, for the sins o' your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o' a people's poet, down wi' your Bible and read thae auld Hebrew prophets: gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye'd learn the matter,

just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye'll no miss it."

"But all this is so—so unpoetical."

"Hech! Is there no' the heeven above them there, and the hell beneath them? and God frowning, and the deevil grinning? No poetry there. Is no' the verra idea of the classic tragedy defined to be man conquered by circumstance? Canna ye see it there? And the verra idea of the modern tragedy, man conquering circumstance?—and I'll show ye that, too—in mony a garret where no eye but the gude God's enters, to see the patience, and the self-sacrifice, and the love stronger than death, that's shining in thae dark places o' the earth. Come wi' me, and see."

CXLIX.

Why is it that so few of our modern songs are truly songful, and fit to be set to music? Is it not that the writers of them—persons often of much taste and poetic imagination—have gone for their inspiration to the intellect, rather than to the ear? That (as Shelley does by the skylark, and Wordsworth by the cuckoo), instead of trying to sing like the birds, they only think and talk about the birds, and therefore, however beautiful and true the thoughts and words may be, they are not song?

Surely they have not, like the mediæval songsters, studied the speech of the birds, the primeval teachers of melody; nor even melodies already extant, round which, as round a framework of pure music, their thoughts and images might crystallize themselves, certain thereby of becoming musical likewise. The best modern song writers, Burns and Moore, were inspired by their old national airs; and followed them, Moore at least, with a reverent fidelity which has had its full reward. They wrote words to music; and not as modern poets are wont, wrote the words first, and left others to set music to the words. They were right; and we are wrong. As long as song is to be the expression of pure emotion, so long it must take its key from music—which is already pure emotion, untranslated into the grosser medium of thought and speech—often (as in the case of Mendelssohn's songs without words) not to be translated into it at all.

And so it may be, that in some simpler age, poets may go back, like the old Minnesingers, to the birds of the forest, and learn of them to sing.

CL.

It is by pictures and music, by art, and song, and symbollic representations, that all nations have been educated in their adolescence; and as the

youth of the individual is exactly analogous to the youth of the collective race, we should employ the same means of instruction with our children which succeeded in the early ages with the whole world.

CLI.

“And pray, Mr. Smith,” said Lord Vieuxbois, “may I ask what limit you would put to education?”

“The capacities of each man,” said Lancelot. “If a man living in civilized society has one right which he can demand, it is this: that the State which exists by his labor shall enable him to develop, or, at least, not hinder developing his whole faculties to their very utmost, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author, remains a spade-drudge, or a journeyman, while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is willing to place himself, that man has a right to complain of the State’s injustice and neglect.”

CLII.

Art, poetry, music, science,—ay, even those athletic and graceful exercises on which we all pride

ourselves, which we consider necessary to soften and refine ourselves,—has God given us a monopoly of them? What is good for the rich man is good for the poor. Over-education? And what of that? What if the poor be raised above “their station?” What right have we to keep them down? How long have they been our born thralls in soul as well as in body! What right have we to say that they shall know no higher recreation than the hogs, because, forsooth, if we raised them, they might refuse to work for us? Are we to fix how far their minds may be developed? Has not God fixed it for us when he gave them the same passions, talents, tastes, as our own?

CLIII.

Argemone was beginning to find out that when people are really in earnest, it may be better, sometimes, to leave God’s methods of educating them alone, instead of calling the poor, honest seekers hard names, which the speakers themselves don’t understand.

CLIV.

Here and there a Thomas Cooper, sitting in Stafford gaol, after a youth spent in cobbling shoes,

vents his treasures of classic and historic learning in a *Purgatory of Suicides*, or a Prince becomes the poet of the poor, no less for having fed his boyish fancy with the *Arabian Nights*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But, with the most of us, sedentary and monotonous occupations, as has long been known, create of themselves a morbidly meditative and fantastic turn of mind. And what else, in Heaven's name, ye fine gentlemen, what else can a working man do with his imagination, but dream? What else will you let him do with it, oh, ye education-pedants, who fancy that you can teach the masses as you would drill soldiers, every soul alike, though you will not bestir yourselves to do even that? Are there no differences of rank—God's rank, not man's—among them? You have discovered, since your schoolboy days, the fallacy of the old nomenclature, which civilly classed them all together as “the snobs,” “the blackguards,” which even—so strong is habit—tempted Burke himself to talk of them as “the swinish multitude.” You are finding yourself wrong there. A few more years' experience, not in mis-educating the poor, but in watching the poor really educate themselves, may teach you that they are not all, by nature, dolts and idiots; that there are differences of brain among them, just as great as there is between you; that there are those among them whose education

ought not to end, and will not end, with the putting off of the parish cap and breeches; whom it is cruelty as well as folly to toss back into the hell of mere manual drudgery as soon as you have—if indeed you have been even so bountiful as that—excited in them a new thirst of the intellect and imagination. If you provide that craving with no wholesome food, you at least have no right to blame it if it shall gorge itself with poison.

CLV.

Imagination is a valuable thing. And, even if it were not, it is a thing, a real thing, a faculty which every one has, and with which you must do something. You cannot ignore it. It will assert its own existence. You will be wise not to neglect it in young children; for if you do not provide wholesome food for it, it will find unwholesome food for itself. I know that many, especially men of business, are inclined to sneer at it, and ask what is the use of it? The simple answer is: God has made it; and he has made nothing in vain. But you will find that in practice, in action, in business, imagination is a most useful faculty, and is so much mental capital, whensoever it is properly trained. Consider but this one thing, that without imagination no man can possibly invent even the pettiest object;

that it is one of the faculties which essentially raises man above the brutes by enabling him to create for himself; that the first savage who ever made a hatchet must have imagined that hatchet to himself ere he began it; that every new article of commerce, every new opening for trade, must be arrived at by acts of imagination; by the very same faculty which the poet or the painter employs, only on a different class of objects. Remember that this faculty is present in some strength in every mind of any power; in every mind which can do more than follow helplessly in the beaten track and do nothing but what it has seen others do already. And then see whether it be not worth while to give the young some study which is fitted to keep this important and universal faculty in health. Now, from fifty to five-and-twenty years ago, under the influence of the Franklin and Edgeworth school of education, imagination was at a discount. That school was a good school enough; but here was one of its faults. It taught people to look on imagination as quite a useless, dangerous, impractical, bad thing; a sort of mental disease. And now, as is usual after an unfair depreciation of any thing, has come a revolution; and an equally unfair glorifying of the imagination. The present generation have found out suddenly that the despised faculty is worth something, and therefore are ready to believe it worth every thing; so that nowadays to judge

from the praise heaped on some poets, the mere possession of imagination, however ill-regulated, will atone for every error of false taste, bad English, carelessness for truth, and even for coarseness, blasphemy, and want of common morality; and it is no longer charity, but fancy, which is to cover the multitude of sins.

The fact is, that youth will always be the period of imagination; and the business of a good education will always be to prevent that imagination from being thrown inward, and producing a mental fever, diseasing itself and the whole character, by feeding on its own fancies, its own day-dreams, its own morbid feelings, its likes and dislikes; even if it do take at last to viler food, to French novels, and lawless thoughts which are but too common, alas! though we will not speak of them here.

To turn the imagination not inwards, but outwards; to give it a class of objects which may excite wonder, reverence, the love of novelty, and of discovering, without heating the brain or exciting the passions — this is one of the great problems of education; and I believe from experience that the study of natural history supplies in great part what we want.

CLVI.

“I thought,” said Alton, “that the clergy of Eng-

land were doing much to educate the poor. At least, I hear all the dissenting ministers grumbling at their continual interference."

"Ay!" answered Crossthwaite, "educating them to make them slaves and bigots. They don't teach them what they teach their own sons. Look at the miserable smattering of general information — just enough to serve as sauce for their great first and last lesson of, 'Obey the powers that be' — whatever they be; leave us alone in our comforts; do, like good boys, for it is God's will. And then, if a boy does show talent in school, do they help him up in life? Not they; when he has just learnt enough to whet his appetite for more, they turn him adrift again, to sink and drudge,—to do his duty, as they call it, in that state of life to which society and the devil have called him."

"But there are innumerable stories of great Englishmen who have risen from the lowest ranks."

"Ay; but where are the stories of those who have not risen—of all the noble geniuses who have ended in desperation, drunkenness, starvation, suicide, because no one would take the trouble of lifting them up, and enabling them to walk in the path which nature had marked out for them? Dead men tell no tales; and this old whited sepulchre society ain't going to turn informer against itself."

"I trust and hope," said Alton sadly, "that if

God intends me to rise he will open the way for me; perhaps the very struggles and sorrows of a poor genius may teach him more than ever wealth and prosperity could."

"True, Alton, my boy! and that's my only comfort. It does make men of us, this bitter battle of life. We working men, when we do come out of the furnace, come out, not tinsel and papier-maché, like those fops of red-tape statesmen, but steel and granite, Alton, my boy—that has been seven times tried in the fire; and woe to the papier-maché gentleman that runs against us! But," he went on sadly, "for one who comes safe through the furnace there are a hundred who crack in the burning. You are a young bear, my lad, with all your sorrows before you; and you'll find that a working-man's training is like the Red Indian children's. The few who are strong enough to stand it grow up warriors; but all those who are not fire-and-water-proof by nature—just die, Alton, my lad, and the tribe thinks itself well rid of them."

CLVII.

"Desultory reading," said old Sandy Mackaye, "is the bane o' lads. Ye maun begin with self-restraint and method, my man, gin ye intend to gie yoursel' a liberal education. So I'll just mak'

you a present of an auld Latin grammar, and ye maun begin where your betters ha' begun before you."

"But who will teach me Latin?" asked Alton.

"Hoot! man! who'll teach a man any thing except himsel'? It's only gentlefolks and puir aristocrat bodies that go to be spoilt wi' tutors and pedagogues, cramming and loading them wi' knowledge, as ye'd load a gun, to shoot it all out again, just it went down, in a college examination, and forget all about it after."

"Ah!" sighed Alton, "Could I have gone to college!"

"What for, then? My father was a Hieland farmer, and yet he was a weel-learned man; and 'Sandy, my lad,' he used to say, 'a man kens just as much as he's taught himsel', and na mair. So get wisdom; and wi' all your getting, get understanding.' And so I did. And mony's the Greek exercise I've written in the cowbyres, and mony's the page o' Virgil, too, I've turned into good Dawrie Scotch to ane that's dead and gane, poor hizzie, sitting under the same plaid, with the sheep feeding round us, up among the hills, looking out ower the broad blue sea, and the wee haven wi' the fishing-cobles."

CLVIII.

Young men of the upper classes, to whom

study — pursue it as intensely as you will — is but the business of the day, and every spare moment relaxation; little you guess the frightful drudgery undergone by a man of the people who has vowed to educate himself — to live at once two lives, each as severe as the whole of yours — to bring to the self-imposed toil of intellectual improvement, a body and brain already worn out by a day of toilsome manual labor.

CLIX.

It does sour and madden a working-man to be called presumptuous and ambitious, for the very same aspirations which are lauded up to the skies in the sons of the rich — unless, indeed, he will do one little thing, and so make his peace with society. If he will desert his own class; if he will try to become a sham gentleman, a parasite, and, if he can, a mammonite, the world will compliment him on his noble desire to *rise in life*. He will have won his spurs, and be admitted into that exclusive pale of knighthood, beyond which it is a sin to carry arms even in self defence. But if the working genius dares to be true to his own class — to stay among them — to regenerate them — to defend them — to devote his talents to those among whom God placed him and

brought him up — then he is the demagogue, the incendiary, the fanatic, the dreamer. So you would have the monopoly of talent, too, exclusive worldlings? And yet you pretend to believe in the miracle of Pentecost, and the religion that was taught by the carpenter's son, and preached across the world by fishermen!

CLX.

If gentlemen's sons are willing to make themselves, as they easily can, the best educated, the most trustworthy, the most virtuous, the most truly liberal-minded class of the commonwealth; if they will set themselves to study the duties of rank and property, as of a profession to which they are called by God, and the requirements of which they must fulfil; if they will acquire, as they can easily, a sound knowledge both of political economy, and of the social questions of the day; if they will be foremost with their personal influence in all good works; if they will set themselves to compete on equal terms with the classes below them, and as they may, outrival them: then they will find that those classes will receive them not altogether on equal terms; that they will accede to them a superiority, undefined, perhaps, but real and practical enough to conserve their class and their

rank, in every article for which a just and prudent man would wish.

CLXI.

So long as the great mass of the poor of any city know nothing of the great mass of the rich of that city, save as folk who roll past them in their carriages, seemingly easy while they are struggling, seemingly happy while they are wretched, so long will the rich of that city be supposed, however falsely, to be what the French workman used to call *mangerus d'hommes* — *exploiteurs d'hommes* — to get their wealth by means of the poverty, their comfort by means of the misery of their fellowmen; and so long will they be exposed to that mere envy and hatred which pursues always the more prosperous, till, in some national crisis, when the rich and poor meet together, both parties will be but too apt to behave, through mutual fear and hate, as if not God, but the devil, was the maker of them all.

CLXII.

Weep, weep, weep and weep,
For pauper, dolt, and slave!
Hark! from wasted moor and fen,
Feverous alley, workhouse den,

Swells the wail of Saxon men —
Work! or the grave!

Down, down, down and down
With idler, knave, and tyrant!
Why, for sluggards, cark and moil?
He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil!
God's word our warrant!

Up, up, up and up!
Face your game and play it!
The night is past, behold the sun!
The idols fall, the lie is done —
The Judge is set, the doom begun!
Who shall stay it?

CLXIII.

“My business,” said the artist to Lancelot,
“is to represent the beautiful, and therefore to
accept it wherever I find it. Yours is to be a
philosopher, and find the true.”

“But the beautiful must be truly beautiful to be
worth any thing; and you must search for the
true.”

“Yes; truth of form, color, chiar-oscuro. They
are worthy to occupy me a life; for they are

eternal—or at least that which they express—and if I am to get at the symbolized unseen, it must be through the beauty of the symbolizing phenomenon.”

CLXIV.

Do not despise your love for the beautiful: cherish it, develop it to the last; steep your whole soul in beauty; watch it in its most vast and complex harmonies, and not less in its most faint and fragmentary traces. Learn to comprehend, to master, to embody it; to show it forth to men as the sacrament of heaven, the finger-mark of God.

CLXV.

You see a flower growing, not in a garden, but wild in a field or wood. You admire its beautiful colors, or, if it is fragrant, its sweet scent. Now, why was that flower put there? You may answer, “to please me.” My dear friends, I should be the last person to deny that. I can never see a child picking a nosegay, much less a little London child, born and bred and shut up among bricks and mortar, when it gets for the first time into a green field, and throws itself instinctively upon the buttercups and daisies, as if they were

precious jewels and gold ;—I never can see that sight, I say, without feeling that there are such things as final causes — I mean that the great Father in heaven put those flowers into that field on purpose to give pleasure to his human children. But then comes the question : Of all the flowers in a single field, is one in ten thousand ever looked at by child or by men ? And yet they are just as beautiful as the rest ; and God has, so to speak, taken just as much pains with the many beautiful things which men will never see, as with the few, very few, which men may see. And when one thinks further about this — when one thinks of the vast forests in other lands, which the foot of man has seldom or never trod, and which, when they are entered, are found to be full of trees, flowers, birds, butterflies, so beautiful and glorious, that any thing which we see in England is poor and plain in comparison with them ; and when we remember that these beautiful creatures have been going on generation after generation, age after age, unseen and unenjoyed by any human eyes, one must ask : Why has God been creating all that beauty ? simply to let it all, as it were, run to waste, till after thousands of years one traveller comes, and has a hasty glimpse of it ? Impossible ! Or, again — and this is an example still more strange, and yet it is true. We used to think till within a very

few years past, that at the bottom of the deep sea there were no living things—that miles below the surface of the ocean, in total darkness, and under such a weight of water as would crush us to a jelly, there could be nothing, except stones, and sand, and mud. But now it is found out that the bottom of the deepest seas, and the utter darkness into which no ray of light can ever pierce, are alive and swarming with millions of creatures, as cunningly and exquisitely formed, as those which live in the sunlight along the shallow shores.

Surely, beautiful things were made to be seen by some one, else why were they made beautiful? Common sense tells us that. But who has seen those countless tribes, which have been living down in utter darkness, since the making of the world? Common sense, I think, can give but one answer—GOD!

But more—God has not only made things beautiful; he has made things happy; whatever misery there may be in the world, there is no denying that. However sorrow may have come into the world, there is a great deal more happiness than misery in it. Misery is the exception; happiness is the rule. No rational man ever heard a bird sing, without feeling that the bird was happy; and, if so, his common sense ought to tell him that if God made that bird, he made it to be happy; he intended it to be happy, and he takes pleasure

in its happiness, though no human ear should ever hear its song, no human heart should ever share in its joy. Yes, the world was not made for man; but man, like all the world, was made for God. Not for man's pleasure, merely, not for man's use, but for God's pleasure all things are, and for God's pleasure they were created.

CLXVI.

It has been said, and truly, I believe, that children cannot be brought up among beautiful pictures—I believe even among any beautiful sights and sounds, without the very expression of their faces becoming more beautiful, purer, gentler, nobler; so that in them are fulfilled the words of the great and holy poet concerning the maiden, brought up according to God and the laws of God—

“And she shall bend her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets danced their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.”

CLXVII.

Consider, you who have had experience of life,

the harm you have known one bad man do, the sorrow he will cause, even to people who never saw him; and the good which you have seen one good man, not merely do with his own hands, but put into other people's hearts by his example. Is not both the good and the harm which is done on earth like the ripple of a stone dropped into water, which spreads and spreads for a vast distance round, however small the stone may be? Indeed, bold as it may seem to say it, I believe that if we could behold all hearts as the Lord Jesus does, we should find that there never was a good man but that the whole of Christendom, perhaps all mankind, was sooner or later, more or less, the better for him; and that there never was a bad man but that all Christendom, perhaps all mankind, was the worse for him. So fully and really true it is in every-day practice, that we are members one of another.

CLXVIII.

Do we not all know how apt we are to become like those whom we see, with whom we spend our hours—and above all, like those whom we admire and honor? For good and for evil, alas! For evil—for those who associate with evil or frivolous persons are too apt to catch not only

their low tone, but their very manner, their very expression of face, speaking, and thinking, and acting. Not only do they become scornful, if they live with scorners; false, if they live with liars; mean, if they live with covetous men; but they will actually catch the very look of their faces. The companions of affected, frivolous people, men or women, grow to look affected and frivolous. Indulging in the same passions, they mould their own countenances and their very walk, also the very tones of their voice as well as their dress, into the likeness of those with whom they associate, nay, of those whose fashions (as they are called) they know merely by books and pictures.

But thank God, who has put into the hearts of Christian people the tendency towards God—just in the same way does good company tend to make men good; high-minded company to make them high-minded; kindly company to make them kindly; modest company to make them modest; honorable company to make them honorable; and pure company to make them pure. If the young man or woman live with such, look up to such as their ideal, that is, the pattern which they ought to emulate—then as a fact, the Spirit of God working in them does mould them into something of the likeness of those whom they admire and love.

CLXIX.

The vices of incivilization are far worse, and far more destructive of human life than the vices of civilization; and it is just because they are so, that rude tribes deteriorate physically less than polished nations. In the savage struggle for life none but the strongest, healthiest, cunningest, have a chance of living, prospering, and propagating their race. In the civilized state, on the contrary, the weakliest, and the silliest, protected by law, religion, and humanity, have their chance likewise, and transmit to their offspring their own weakness or silliness. In the British Islands, for instance, at the time of the Norman Conquest, the average of man was doubtless superior, both in body and mind, to the average of man now, simply because the weaklings could not have lived at all; and the rich and delicate beauty in which the women of the eastern counties still surpass all other races in these isles, was doubtless far more common in proportion to the numbers of the population.

One reason why Lowland heroes *caerent vate sacro*, is that the Lowlands, and those who live in them, are wanting in the poetic and romantic elements. There is in the Lowlands none of that background of the unknown, fantastic, magical, terrible, perpetually feeding curiosity and wonder, which still

remains in the Scottish Highlands; and which, when it disappears from thence, will remain forever embalmed in the pages of Walter Scott. Against that half-magical background his heroes stand out in vivid relief; and justly so. It was not put there by him for stage purposes; it was there as a fact; and the men of whom he wrote were conscious of it, were moulded by it, were not ashamed of its influence. For Nature among the mountains is too fierce, too strong for man. He cannot conquer her, and she awes him. He cannot dig down the cliffs, or chain the storm blasts; and his fear of them takes bodily shape; he begins to people the weird places of the earth with weird beings, and sees nixes in the dark linns as he fishes by night, dwarfs in the caves where he digs, half-trembling, morsels of iron and copper for his weapons, witches and demons on the snow-blast which overwhelms his herd and his hut, and in the dark clouds which brood on the untrodden mountain peak. He lives in fear; and yet, if he be a valiant-hearted man, his fears do him little harm. They may break out, at times, in witch manias, with all their horrible suspicions, and thus breed cruelty, which is the child of fear; but on the whole they rather produce in man thoughtfulness, reverence, a sense, confused yet precious, of the boundless importance of the

unseen world. His superstitions develop his imagination; the moving accidents of a wild life call out in him sympathy and pathos; and the mountaineer becomes instinctively a poet.

The Lowlander, on the other hand, has his own strength, his own "virtues," or manfulnesses, in the good old sense of the word; but they are not for the most part picturesque, or even poetical.

He finds out soon enough for his weal and his bane, that he is stronger than Nature; and tyrannously and irreverently he lords it over her, clearing, delving, dyking, building, without fear or shame. He knows of no natural force greater than himself, save an occasional thunder-storm; and against that, as he grows more cunning, he insures his crops. Why should he reverence nature? Let him use her, and live by her. One cannot blame him.

Man was sent into the world (so says Scripture) to fill and subdue the earth. But he was sent into the world for other purposes also, which the Lowlander is but too apt to forget. With the awe of Nature, the awe of the unseen dies out in him. Meeting with no visible superior, he is apt to become not merely unpoetical and irreverent, but somewhat of a sensualist and an atheist. The sense of the beautiful dies out in him more and more. He has little or nothing around him to refine or lift up his soul; and unless he meet

with a religion, and with a civilization, which can deliver him, he may sink into that dull brutality which is too common among the lowest classes of the English Lowlands, and remain for generations gifted with the strength and industry of the ox, and with the courage of the lion; but, alas! with the intellect of the former, and the self-restraint of the latter.

CLXX.

The traveller on the dusty highway fancies that he has seen the country. So he has; the outside of it, at least; but the angler only sees the inside. The angler only is brought face to face with the flower, and bird, and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered, and the only part in general which never feels the drought of summer, "the trees planted by the water-side, whose leaf shall not wither."

Pleasant are those hidden water-ways; but yet are they the more pleasant because the hand of man has not interfered with them?

It is a question, and one which the older one grows, the less one is inclined to answer in the affirmative. The older one grows the more there grows on one the sense of waste and incompleteness

in all scenery where man has not fulfilled the commission of Eden "to dress it and to keep it;" and with that, a sense of loneliness which makes one long for home, and cultivation, and the speech of fellowmen.

CLXXI.

The mind of man is not so infinite in the vulgar sense of that word, as people fancy; and however greedy the appetite for wonder may be, while it remains unsatisfied in every day European life, it is as easily satiated as any other appetite, and then leaves the senses of its possessor as dull as those of a city gourmand after a Lord Mayor's feast. Only the highest minds—our Humboldts, and Bonplards, and Schomburgks (and they only when quickened to an almost unhealthy activity by civilization), can go on long appreciating where Nature is insatiable, imperious, maddening, in her demands on our admiration. The very power of observing wears out under the rush of ever new objects; and the dizzy spectator is fain at last to shut the eyes of his soul, and take refuge (as West Indian Spaniards do) in tobacco and stupidity. The man, too, who has not only eyes, but utterance—what shall he do where all words fail him? Superlatives are but inarticulate, after all, and give no pictures,

even of size, any more than do numbers of feet and yards; and yet, what else can we do, but heap superlative on superlative, and cry, "Wonderful, wonderful! and after that wonderful, past all whooping?"

What Humboldt's self cannot paint, we will not try to daub. The voyagers were in a South American forest, readers. Fill up the meaning of those words, each as your knowledge enables you, for I cannot do it for you. Certainly these adventurers could not. The absence of any attempt at word-painting, even of admiration at the glorious things which they saw, is most remarkable in all early voyagers, both Spanish and English. The only two exceptions which I recollect are Columbus (but then all was new, and he was bound to tell what he had seen) and Raleigh; the two most gifted men, perhaps, with the exception of Humboldt, who ever set foot in tropical America; but even they dare nothing but a few feeble hints in passing. Their souls had been dazzled and stunned by a great glory. Coming out of their European Nature into that tropic one, they had felt like Plato's men, bred in the twilight cavern, and then suddenly turned round to the broad blaze of day; they had seen things awful and unspeakable; why talk of them, except to say with the Turks, "God is great!"

So it was with these men. Among the higher-

hearted of them, the grandeur and the glory around had attuned their spirits to itself, and kept up in them a lofty, heroical, reverent frame of mind; but they knew as little about the trees and animals in an "artistic," or "critical," point of view, as in a scientific one. This tree the Indians called one unpronounceable name, and it made good bows; that, some other name, and it made good canoes; of that, you could eat the fruit; that produced the caoutchouc gum, useful for a hundred matters; that, was what the Indians (and they likewise) used to poison their arrows with; from the ashes of those palm-nuts you could make good salt; that tree, again, was full of good milk, if you bored the stem; they drank it, and gave God thanks, and were not astonished. God was great; but that they had discovered long before they came into the tropics. Noble old child-hearted heroes, with just romance and superstition enough about them to keep them from that prurient hysterical wonder and enthusiasm, which is simply, one often fears, a product of our scepticism! We do not trust enough in God; we do not really believe his power enough, to be ready, as they were, as every one ought to be on a God-made earth, for any thing and every thing being possible; and then, when a wonder is discovered, we go into ecstasies and shrieks over it, and take to ourselves

credit for being susceptible of so lofty a feeling, true index, forsooth, of a refined and cultivated mind.

CLXXII.

A friend of mine, and one whom I am proud to call my friend, succeeding to an estate, thought good to cultivate it himself. And being a man of common sense, he thought good to know something of what he was doing. And he said to himself, The soil, and the rain, and the air, are my raw materials. I ought surely, then, to find out what soil, and rain, and air are; so I must become a geologist, and a meteorologist. Vegetable substances are what I am to make. And I ought surely to know what it is that I am making; so I must become a botanist. The raw material does somehow or other become manufactured into the produce; the soil into the vegetable. I ought surely to know a little about the processes of my own manufacture; so I must learn chemistry. Chance and blind custom are not enough for me. At best they can but leave me where they found me, at their mercy. Science I need; and science I will acquire. What was the result? After many a mistake and disappointment, he succeeded in discovering on his own estate a mine of unsuspected

wealth,—not of gold indeed, but of gold's worth,—the elements of human food. He discovered why some parts of his estate were fertile, while others were barren; and by applying the knowledge thus gained, he converted some of his most barren fields into his most fertile ones; he preserved again and again his crops from blight, while those of others perished all around him; he won for himself wealth and the respect and honor of men of science; while those around him, slowly opening their eyes to his improvements, followed his lessons second-hand, till the whole agriculture of an important district has become gradually but permanently improved under the auspices of one patient and brave man, who knew that knowledge was power, and that only by obeying nature can man conquer her.

CLXXIII.

Is monotony in itself an evil? Which is better, to know many places ill, or to know one place well? Certainly—if a scientific habit of mind be a gain—it is only by exhausting as far as possible the significance of an individual phenomenon (is not that sentence a true scientific one in its magniloquence?) that you can discover any glimpse of the significance of the universal. Even men of boundless knowledge, like Humboldt, must have had once

their specialty, their pet subject, or they would have, strictly speaking, no knowledge at all. The volcanoes of Mexico, patiently and laboriously investigated in his youth, were to Humboldt, possibly, the key of the whole Cosmos. I learn more, studying over and over again the same Bagshot sand and gravel heaps, than I should by roaming all Europe in search of new geological wonders.

CLXXIV.

“How do ye expect,” said Sandy, “ever to be happy, or strong, or a man at a’, as long as ye go on looking to enjoy yersel—yersel? Mony was the year I looked for nought but my ain pleasure, and got it too, when it was a’

“Sandy Mackaye, bonny Sandy Mackaye,
There he sits singing the lang simmer day;
Lassies gae to him,
And kiss him, and woo him,
Na bird is so merry as Sandy Mackaye.”

An’ muckle good cam’ o’t. Ye may fancy I’m talking like a sour, disappointed auld carle. But I tell ye nay. I’ve got that’s worth living for, though I am down-hearted at times, and fancy a’ is wrong, and there’s na hope for us on earth, we be a’ sic

liars — a' liars, I think; 'a universal liars-rock sub-strawtum,' as Mr. Carlyle says. I'm a great liar myself, specially when I'm praying. Do ye think I'd live on here in this meeserable crankit auld bane-barrel o' a body, if it was not for the cause, and for the puir young fellows that come in to me whiles to get some book-learning about the gran' auld Roman times, when folks didna care for themselves, but for the nation, and a man counted wife and bairns and money as dross and dung, in comparison wi' the great Roman city, that was the mither o' them a', and wad last on, free and glorious, after they and their bairns were a' dead thegither? Hoot, man! If I had na the cause to care for and to work for whether I ever see it triumphant on earth or no — I'd just tak' the cauld-water-cure off Waterloo-bridge, and mak' mysel a case for the Humane Society."

"And what is the cause?" asked Alton.

"Wud I tell ye? We want no ready-made freens o' the cause. I dinna hauld wi' thae French indoc-trinating pedants that took to stick free opinions into a man as ye'd stick pins into a pincushion, to fa' out again the first shake. Na — the cause must find a man, and tak hauld o' him, willy-nilly, and grow up in him like an inspiration, till he can see nocht but in the light o't. Puir bairn!" he went on, looking with a half-sad, half-comic face at

Alton — “puir bairn — like a young bear, wi’ a’ your sorrows before ye! This time seven years ye’ll ha’ no need to come speering and questioning what the cause is, and the gran’ cause, and the only cause worth working for on the earth o’ God. And noo gang your gate, and mak’ fine feathers for foul birds. I’m gaun whar ye’ll be ganging too, belong.”

Alton went sadly out of the shop, but Sandy called him back.

“Stay a wee, bairn; there’s the Roman History for ye. There ye’ll read what the cause is, and how they that seek their ain are no worthy thereof.”

Alton took the book, and found in the legends of Brutus, and Cocles, and Scaevola, and the retreat to the Mons Sacer, and the Gladiator’s war, what the cause was, and forgot awhile in those tales of antique heroism and patriotic self-sacrifice his own longings.

CLXXV.

“Deep in the warm vale the village is sleeping,
Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above;
Nought wakes, save grateful hearts, silently creeping
Up to their Lord in the might of their love.

“What thou hast given me, Lord, here I bring thee,
Odor, and light, and the magic of gold;
Feet which must follow thee, lips which must sing thee,
Limbs which must ache for thee ere they grow old.”

CLXXVI.

To be good and to do good, even to long to be good and to long to do good, to hunger and thirst after righteousness, is the best and highest sacrifice which any human being can offer to his Father in heaven. For so he honors his Father most truly; for he longs and strives to be like that Father; to be good as God is good, holy as God is holy, beneficent and useful, even as God is infinitely beneficent and useful; being, in one word, perfect, as his Father in heaven is perfect. This is the best and highest act of worship, the truest devotion.

CLXXVII.

Every time we perform an act of kindness to any human being, aye, even to a dumb animal; every time we conquer our worldliness, love of pleasure, ease, praise, ambition, money, for the sake of doing what our conscience tells us to be our duty, we are indeed worshipping God the Father in

Spirit and in truth, and offering him a sacrifice which he will surely accept, for the sake of his beloved son, by whose spirit all good deeds and thoughts are inspired.

CLXXVIII.

You desire to be glorified with Christ. Remember that true glory can only be attained in earth or heaven through self-sacrifice. Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; whosoever will lose his life shall save it. If that eternal moral law held good enough for the sinless Christ, who, though he were a son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered, how much more must it hold good of you and me and all moral and rational beings—yea! for the very angels in heaven. They have not sinned. That we know; and we do not know, and I presume cannot know, that they have ever suffered. But this at least we know, that they have submitted. They have obeyed and have given up their wills to be the ministers of God's will. In them is neither self-will nor selfishness; and therefore by faith, that is, by trust and loyalty, they stand. And so, by consenting to lose their individual life of selfishness, they have saved their eternal life in God, the life of blessedness and holiness; just as all evil spirits have

lost their eternal life by trying to save their selfish life, and be something in themselves without respect to God.

CLXXIX.

Without self-sacrifice there can be no blessedness, neither in earth nor in heaven. He that loveth his life will lose it. He that hateth his life in this paltry, selfish, luxurious, hypocritical world, shall keep it to life eternal.

CLXXX.

What is life that we should make such ado about it, and hug it so closely, and look to it to fill our hearts? What is all earthly life with all its bad and good luck, its riches and its poverty, but a vapor that passes away?—noise and smoke overclouding the enduring light of heaven. A man may be very happy and blest in this life; yet he may feel that, however pleasant it is, at root it is no reality, but only a shadow of realities which are eternal and infinite in the bosom of God,—a piece-meal pattern of the Light Kingdom,—the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For all this time-world, as a wise man says, is but like an image, beautifully and fearfully emblematic,

but still only an emblem, like an air image, which plays and flickers in the grand, still mirror of eternity. Out of nothing, into time and space we all came into noisy day; and out of time and space into the silent night shall we all return into the spirit world—the everlasting twofold mystery—into the light-world of God's love, or the fire-world of his anger, every like unto its like, and every man to his own place.

CLXXXI.

The man who will get most work done, and done with the least trouble whether for himself, for his family, or in the calling and duty to which God has called him, will be the man who takes our Lord's advice. Who takes no thought for the morrow, and leaves the morrow to take thought for itself. That man will believe that this world is a well-ordered world, as it needs must be, seeing that God made it, God redeemed it, God governs it; and that God is merciful in this—that he rewardeth every man according to his works. That man will take thought for to-day, earnestly and diligently, even at times anxiously and in fear and trembling; but he will not distract, and divide, and weaken his mind by taking thought for to-morrow also. Each day he will set about the duty

which lies nearest him, with a whole heart and with a single eye, giving himself to it for the time as if there was nothing else to be done in the world. As for what he is to do next he will think little of that. Little, even, will he think of whether his work will succeed or not. That must be as God shall will. All that he is bound to do is to do his best; and his best he can only do by throwing his whole soul into his work. As his day, he trusts his strength will be; and he must not waste the strength which God has given him for to-day on vain fears or vain dreams about to-morrow. To-day is quite full enough of anxiety, of care, of toil, of ignorance; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Yes; and sufficient for the day is the good thereof likewise. To-day, and to-morrow, too, may end very differently from what he hoped. Yes; but they may end, too, very differently from what he feared. Let him throw his whole soul into the thing which he is about, and leave the rest to God.

For so only will he come to the day's end in that wholesome and manful temper, contented, if not cheerful, satisfied with the work he has had to do, if not satisfied with the way in which he has done it, which will leave his mind free to remember all his comforts, all his blessings, even to those commonest of all blessings, which we are

all too apt to forget, just because they are as necessary as the air we breathe; which will show him how much light there is, even on the darkest day.

He has not got this or that fine thing, it may be, for which he longed; but he has at least his life, at least his reason, at least his conscience, at least his God. Are not they enough to possess? Are not they enough wherewith to lie down at night in peace, and rise to-morrow to take what comes to-morrow even as he took what came to-day. And will he not be most fit to take what comes to-morrow like a Christian man, whether it be good or evil, with his spirit braced and yet chastened, by honest and patient labor, instead of being weakened and irritated by idling over to-day, while he dreamed and fretted about to-morrow?

CLXXXII.

Be good, sweet maid, let those who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CLXXXIII.

Fret not — lest you lose temper, and be moved

to do evil. Plot not—lest you lose faith in God, and be moved to be dishonest. Look not too far ahead—so far only, as to keep yourselves out of open and certain danger—lest you see what is coming before you are ready for the sight. If we foresaw the troubles which may be coming, perhaps it would break our hearts; and if we foresaw the happiness which is coming, perhaps it would turn our heads. Let us not meddle with the future, and matters which are too high for us, but refrain our souls, and keep them low, like little children, content with the day's food, and the day's schooling, and the day's play-hours, sure that the Divine Master knows that all is right, and knows how to train us, and whither to lead us, though we know not, and need not know, save this—that the path by which he is leading each of us—if we will but obey and follow, step by step—leads up to Everlasting Life.

CLXXXIV.

There is but one true, real, and right life for rational beings; one only life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away—and that is neither more nor

less than a good life; a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good words, good deeds, — the life of Christ and of God.

CLXXXV.

Every man, it would seem, brings into the world with him a certain capacity, a certain amount of vital force, in body and in soul; and when that is used up, the man must sink down into some sort of second childhood, and end very much where he began; unless the grace of God shall lift him above the capacity of the mere flesh, into a life literally new, ever-renewing, ever-expanding, and eternal.

CLXXXVI.

If you wish to prosper on the earth, let God be in all your thoughts. Remember that the Lord is on your right hand; and then, and then alone will you not be moved, either to terror or to sin, by any of the chances and changes of this mortal life. "Fret not thyself," says the Psalmist, "else shalt thou be moved to do evil." And the only way not to fret yourselves is to remember that God is your refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. "He that believeth," saith the Prophet, "shall not make haste" — not hurry himself into

folly and disappointment and shame. Why should you hurry, if you remember that you are in the kingdom of Christ and of God? You cannot hurry God's Providence, if you would; you ought not, if you could. God *must* know best. God's laws *must* work at the right pace, and fulfil his will in the right way, and at the right time.

CLXXXVII.

People do not see the strange things which pass them every day. "The romance of real life" is only one to the romantic spirit. And then they set up for critics, instead of pupils; as if the artist's business was not just to see what they cannot see—to open their eyes to the harmonies and the discords, the miracles and the absurdities, which seem to them one uniform gray fog of common-places.

CLXXXVIII.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town.
For men must work, and women must weep,

And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands

For those who will never come back to the town
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

CLXXXIX.

Life is hard work—any life at least which is
worth being called life, which is not the life of a
swine, who thinks of nothing but feeding himself,

or of a butterfly which thinks of nothing but enjoying itself. Those are easy lives enough; but the end thereof is death. The swine goes to the slaughter. The butterfly dies of the frost—and there is an end of them. But the manly life, the life of good deeds and noble thoughts, and usefulness and purity, the life which is discontented with itself, and which, the better it is, longs the more to be better still; the life which will endure through this world into the world to come, and on and upward forever and forever. That life is not an easy life to live; it is very often not a pleasant life; very often a sad life—so sad that that is true of it which the great poet says:

“Who ne’er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who never in the midnight hours
Sat weeping on his lonely bed,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.”

You may say this is bad news. I do not believe it is. I believe it is good news, and the very best of news; but if it is bad news, I cannot help it. I did not make it so. God made it so. And God must know best. God is love. And we are his children, and he loves us. And therefore his ways with us must be good and loving ways, and any news about them must be good news, and a

gospel, though we cannot see it so at first.

CXC.

Truly our way to eternal joy is to labor and to suffer here with Christ. It is true, and you will find it true, when years hence you look back on the events of your own lives,—you will find, I say, that the very events in your lives which seemed at the time most trying, most vexing, most disastrous, have been those which were most necessary for you to call out what was good in you, and to purge out what was bad; that by those very troubles your Lord, who knows the value of suffering, because he has suffered himself, was making true men and true women of you; hardening your heads while he softened your hearts; teaching you to obey him, while he taught you not to obey your own fancies and your own passions; refining and tempering your characters in the furnace of trial, as the smith refines soft iron into trusty steel; teaching you, as the great poet says:

“That life is not as idle ore,
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom,
To shape and use.”

CXCI.

True courage comes by faith. There is a courage which does not come by faith. There is a brute courage, which comes from hardness of heart, from stupidity, obstinacy, or anger, which does not see danger, or does not feel pain. That is the courage of the brute. One does not blame it, or call it wrong. It is good in its place, as all natural things are, which God has made. It is good enough for the brutes, but it is not good enough for man. You cannot trust it in man. And the more a man is what a man should be, the less he can trust it. The more mind and understanding a man has, so as to be able to foresee danger, and measure it, the more chance there is of his brute courage giving way. The more feeling a man has, the more keenly he feels pain of body, or pain of mind, such as shame, loneliness, the dislike, ridicule, and contempt of his fellowmen; in a word, the more of a man he is, and the less of a mere brute, the more chance there is of his brute courage breaking down, just when he wants it most to keep him up, by leaving him to play the coward and come to shame. Yes, to go through with a difficult and dangerous undertaking, a man wants more than brute courage. He wants spiritual courage—the courage which comes by faith. He

needs to have faith in what he is doing; to be certain that he is doing his duty, to be certain that he is in the right. Certain that right will conquer, certain that God will make it conquer, by him or by some one else; certain that he will either conquer honorably, or fail honorably, for God is with him. In a word, to have true courage, man needs faith in God.

CXCII.

There is but one thing which you have to fear in earth or heaven—being untrue to your better selves, and therefore untrue to God. If you will not do the thing you know to be right, and say the thing you know to be true, then indeed you are weak. You are a coward, and sin against God and suffer the penalty of your cowardice. You desert God, and therefore you cannot expect him to stand by you.

But if you will do the thing you know to be right, and say the thing you know to be true, then what can harm you? "Who will harm you," asks St. Peter, "if you be followers of that which is good?"

CXCIII.

There are too many people in the world, who

are not what they ought to be, and what they really wish to be, because they are weak. They see what is right and admire it; but they have not courage or determination to do it. Most sad and pitiable it is to see how much weakness of heart there is in the world—how little true moral courage. I suppose that the reason is that there is so little faith; that people do not believe heartily and deeply enough in God to trust him to defend and reward them, if they will be but true to him, and to themselves. And therefore they have no moral courage. They are weak. They are kind, perhaps, and easy; easily led right; but, alas! just as easily led wrong. Their good resolutions are not carried out; their right doctrines not acted up to; and they live pitiful, confused, useless, inconsistent lives; talking about religion, and yet denying the power of religion in their daily lives; playing with holy and noble thoughts and feelings, without giving themselves up to them in earnest, to be led by the Spirit of God, to do all the good works which God has prepared for them to walk in. Pray, all of you, then, for the spirit of faith, to believe really in God; and for the spirit of ghostly strength, to obey God honestly. No man ever asked earnestly for that spirit but what he gained it at last.

CXCIV.

Look at the class of men who, in all England, undergo the most fearful dangers; who know not at what hour of any night they may not be called up to the most serious labor and responsibility, with the chance of a horrible and torturing death. I mean the firemen of our great cities, than whom there are no steadier, braver, nobler-hearted men. Not a week passes without one or more of these firemen, in trying to save life and property, doing things which are altogether heroic. What do you fancy keeps them up to their work? High pay? The amusement and excitement of fires? The vanity of being praised for their courage? My friends, those would be but paltry, weak motives, which would not keep a man's heart calm, and his head clear, under such responsibility and danger as theirs. No. It is the sense of duty—the knowledge that they are doing a good and a noble work in saving the lives of human beings, and the wealth of the nation—the knowledge that they are in God's hands, and that no real evil can happen to him who is doing right—that to him even death at his post is not a loss, but a gain. In short, faith in God, more or less clear, is what gives those men their strong, and quiet courage.

CXC.V.

“Whether it be right,” said Peter and John to the great men and judges of the Jews, “to hearken to God more than to you, judge ye. We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” We cannot but speak what we know to be true.

It was that courage which enabled our forefathers—and not the great men among them, not the rich, not even the learned, save a few valiant bishops and clergy, but for the most part poor, unlearned laboring men and women—to throw off the yoke of Popery, and say, “Reason and Scripture tell us that it is absurd and wrong to worship images and pray to saints—tell us that your doctrines are not true. And we will say so in spite of the Pope and all his power—in spite of torture and a fiery death. We cannot palter; we cannot dissemble; we cannot shelter ourselves under half-truths, and make a covenant with lies. ‘Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than to God, judge ye. We cannot but speak the things which we know to be true.’”

So it has been in all ages, and so it will be for ever. Faith, the certainty that a man is right, will give him a courage which will enable him to resist if need be, the rich ones, the strong ones,

the learned ones of the earth. It has made poor, unlearned men heroes and deliverers of their countrymen from slavery and ignorance. It has made weak women martyrs and saints. It has enabled men who made great discoveries to face unbelief, ridicule, neglect, poverty; knowing that their worth would be acknowledged at last, their names honored at last as benefactors by the very men who laughed at them and reviled them.

CXCVI.

Whatsoever thoughts or feelings tempt us to pride and self-conceit, are of the devil, not of God. The devil is specially the spirit of pride; and therefore, whatever tempts you to fancy yourself something different from your fellowmen, superior to your fellowmen, safer than they, more favored by God than they, that is a temptation of the spirit of pride. Whatever tempts you to think that you can do without God's help and God's providence; whatever tempts you to do any thing extraordinary, and show yourself off, that you may make a figure in the world; and above all, whatever tempts you to antinomianism, that is, to fancy that God will overlook sins in you which he will not overlook in other men—all these are temptations from the spirit of pride. They are temptations like our

Lord's temptations. These temptations came on our Lord more terribly than they ever can on you and me, just because he was the Son of Man, the perfect man, and, therefore, had more real reason for being proud (if such a thing could be) than any man, or than all men put together. But he conquered the temptations because he was perfect man, led by the Spirit of God; and therefore, he knew that the only way to be a perfect man was not to be proud, however powerful, wise, and glorious he might be; but to submit himself humbly and utterly, as every man should do, to the will of his Father in heaven, from whom alone his greatness came.

CXCVII.

What proverb more true than that after pride comes a fall? Do we not know (if we do not, we shall sooner or later) that the surest way to fail in any undertaking is to set about it in self-will and self-conceit; that the surest way to do a foolish thing, is to fancy that we are going to do a very wise one; that the surest way to make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of our fellowmen, is to assume airs, and boast, show ourselves off, and end by showing off only our own folly.

Why is it so? Why has God so ordered the

world and human nature, that pride punishes itself? Because, I presume, pride is begotten and born of a lie, and God hates a lie, because all lies lead to ruin, and this lie of pride above all. It is, as it were, the root lie of all lies. The very lie by which as old tales tell, Satan fell from heaven, and when he tried to become a god in his own right, found himself,—to his surprise and disappointment—only a devil. For pride and self-conceit contradict the original constitution of man and the universe, which is this—that of God are all things, and in God are all things, and for God are all things.

CXCVIII.

Man depends on God. Self tells him that he depends on himself. Man has nothing but what he receives from God. Self tells him that what he has is his own, and that he has a right to do with it what he likes. Man knows nothing but what God teaches him. Self tells him that he has found out every thing for himself, and can say what he thinks fit without fear of God or man. Therefore, the proud, self-willed, self-conceited man must come to harm, like Malvolio in the famous play, merely because he is in the blackest night of ignorance. He has mistaken who he is, what he is, where he

is. He is fancying himself, as many mad men do, the centre of the universe; while God is the centre of the universe. He is just as certain to come to harm as a man would be on board a ship, who should fancy that he himself, and not the ship, was keeping him afloat, and step overboard to walk upon the sea. We all know what would happen to that man. Let us thank God, our Father, that he not only knows what would happen to such men, but desires to save them from the consequences of their own folly, by letting them feel the consequences of their own folly.

Oh, my friends, let us search our hearts, and pray to our Father in heaven, to take out of them by whatever painful means, the poisonous root of pride, self-conceit, self-will. So only shall we be truly strong—truly wise. So shall we see what and where we are.

CXCIX.

Do we pride ourselves on being something? Shall we pride ourselves on health and strength? A tile falling off the roof, a little powder and lead in the hands of a careless child, can blast us out of this world in a moment—whither, who can tell? What is our cleverness—our strength of mind? A tiny blood vessel, bursting on the brain,

will make us in one moment paralytic, helpless, babblers, and idiots. What is our knowledge of the world? That of a man who is forcing his way alone through a thick and pathless wood, where he has never been before, to a place which he has never seen. Our true knowledge is to know our own ignorance. Our true strength is to know our own weakness.

CC.

The knave who serves unto another's needs
Knows himself abler than the man who needs him;
And she who stoops will not forget that stooping
Implies a height to stoop from.

CCI.

My business is to do the little, simple, everyday duties which lie nearest me, and be faithful in a few things; and then, if Christ will, he may make me some day ruler over many things, and I shall enter into the joy of my Lord, which is the joy of doing good to my fellowmen. But I shall never enter into that by thrusting myself into Christ's way, with grand schemes and hasty projects, as if I knew better than he how to make his kingdom come. If I do, my pride will have a fall. Because

I would not be faithful over a few things, I shall be tempted to be unfaithful over many things; and instead of entering into the joy of my Lord, I shall be in danger of the awful judgment pronounced on those who do evil that good may come.

CCII.

Most weird and fantastic are visits by night to the West Indian harbors. Above, the black mountain depths, with their canopy of cloud bright white against the purple night, hung with keen stars. The moon—it may be on her back in the west—sinking like a golden goblet behind some rock-fort, half shrouded in black trees. Below, a line of bright mist over a swamp with the cocoa-palms standing up through it, dark, and yet glistening in the moon. A light here and there in a house; another here and there in a vessel, unseen in the dark. The echo of the gun from hill to hill. Wild voices from shore and sea. The snorting of the steamer, the rattling of the chain through the hawse-hole; and, on deck, and under the quarter, strange gleams of red light amid pitchy darkness, from engines, galley fires, lanterns; and black folk and white folk flitting restlessly across them.

The strangest show—"like a thing in a play," says every one when they see it for the first time.

And when at the gun-fire one tumbles out of one's berth and up on deck to see the new island, one has need to rub one's eyes, and pinch one's self — as I was minded to do again and again during the next few weeks — to make sure that it is not all a dream. It is always worth the trouble, meanwhile, to tumble up on deck, not merely for the show, but for the episodes of West Indian life and manners, which, quaint enough by day, are sure to be even more quaint at night, in the confusion and bustle of the darkness. One such I witnessed in the harbor of Grenada not easily to be forgotten.

A tall and very handsome middle-aged brown woman, in a limp print gown, and a gorgeous turban, stood at the gangway in a glare of light, which made her look like some splendid witch by a Walburgis night-fire.

"Tell your boatman to go round to the other side," quoth the officer in charge.

"Fanqua! (*François*) you go round oder side of de ship."

Fanqua, who seemed to be her son, being sleepy, tipsy, stupid, or lazy, did not stir.

"Fanqua! you hear what de officer say? You go round."

No move.

"Fanqua! you not ashamed of yourself? You

not hear de officer say he turn steampipe over you?"

No move.

"Fanqua!" (*authoritative.*)

"Fanqua!" (*indignant.*)

"Fanqua!" (*argumentative.*)

"Fanqua!" (*astonished.*)

"Fanqua!" (*majestic.*)

"Fanqua!" (*confidentially alluring.*)

"Fanqua!" (*regretful.*)

And so on through every conceivable tone of expression. But Fanqua did not move, and the officer and bystanders laughed.

She summoned all her talents, and uttered one last "Fanqua!" which was a triumph of art.

Shame and surprise were blended in her voice with tenderness and pity, and they again with meek despair. To have been betrayed, disgraced, and so unexpectedly, by one whom she loved, and must love still, in spite of this, his fearful fall—it was more than heart could bear. Breathing his name but that once more, she stood a moment, like a queen of tragedy, one long arm drawing her garments round her, the other outstretched as if to cast off—had she the heart to do it—the rebel, and then stalked away into the darkness of the paddle-boxes—forever and a day to brood over her great sorrow? Not in the least. To begin

chattering away to her acquaintances as if no Fanqua existed in the world.

It was a piece of admirable play-acting, and was meant to be. She had been conscious all the while that she was an object of attention—possibly of admiration—to a group of men, and she knew what was right to be done and said under the circumstances, and did it perfectly, even to the smallest change of voice. She was, doubtless, quite sincere the whole time, and felt every thing which her voice expressed; but she felt it because it was proper to feel it, and deceived herself probably more than she deceived any one about her.

A curious phase of human nature is that same play-acting, effect-studying temperament, which ends, if indulged in too much, in hopeless self-deception, and “the hypocrisy which,” as Mr. Carlyle says, “is honestly indignant that you should think it hypocritical.” It is common enough among negresses, and among colored people too; but is it so very uncommon among whites? Is it not the bane of too many Irish? of too many modern French? of certain English, for that matter, whom I have known who probably had no drop of French or Irish blood in their veins? But it is all the more baneful the higher the organization is, because the more brilliant the intellect, the more noble the instincts, the more able its victim is to say, “See; I feel what

I ought; I say what I ought; I do what I ought; and what more would you have? Why do you Philistines persist in regarding me with distrust and ridicule? What is this common honesty, and what is this 'single eye' which you suspect me of not possessing?"

CCIII.

You know that afflictions do come—terrible be-reavements, sorrows sad and strange. But from whom do they come? Who is Lord of life and death? Who is Lord of joy and sorrow? Is not that the question of all questions? And is not the answer the most essential of all answers? It is the Holy Spirit of God; the Spirit who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; the Spirit of the Father who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; the Spirit of the Son who so loved the world that he stooped to die for it upon the cross; the Spirit who is promised to lead you into all truth, that you may know God, and in the knowledge of him find everlasting life; the Spirit who is the Comforter and says "I have seen thy ways and will heal thee, I will lead thee also, and restore comforts to thee and to thy mourners. I speak peace to him that is near, and to him that is far off, saith the Lord; and I will heal him."

Is it not the most blessed news, that he who takes away is the very same as he who gives? That he who afflicts is the very same as he who comforts?

CCIV.

The comfort which poor human beings want in such a world as this is not the comfort of ease, but the comfort of strength. The comforter whom we need is not one who will merely say kind things, but give help—help to the weary and heavy-laden heart which has no time to rest. We need not the sunny and smiling face, but the strong and helping arm. For we may be in that state that smiles are shocking to us and mere kindness—though we may be grateful for it—of no more comfort to us than sweet music to a drowning man. We may be miserable and unable to help being miserable, and unwilling to help it too. We do not wish to flee from our sorrow; we do not wish to forget our sorrow. We dare not; it is so awful, so heartrending, so plain-spoken, that God, the master and tutor of our hearts, must wish us to face it and endure it. Our Father has given us the cup—shall we not drink it? But who will help us to drink the bitter cup? Who will be the comforter and give us, not mere kind words, but strength?

God answers:—That Comforter am I, the God of heaven and earth. There are comforters on earth who can help thee with wise words and noble counsel, can be strong as man and tender as woman. But God can be more strong than man, and more tender than woman likewise. And when the strong arm of man supports thee no longer, yet under thee are the everlasting arms of God.

CCV.

If our Lord's triumph had had no suffering before it—if he had conquered as the Hindoos represent their gods as conquering their enemies without effort, without pain, destroying them with careless ease by lightning hurled by a hundred hands and aided by innumerable armies of spirits, what would such a triumph have been to us? What comfort, what example to us here struggling, often sinning, in this piece-meal world? We want—and blessed be God, we have—a Captain of our salvation, who has been made perfect by sufferings. We want—and blessed be God we have—an High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities because he has been tempted in all things like as we are yet without sin. We want—and blessed be God we have—a King who was glorified by suffering, that, if we are ever called on

to sacrifice ourselves, we may hope, by suffering, to share his glory.

CCVI.

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.

Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-
yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

CCVII.

Whenever you think of our Lord's resurrection and ascension, remember always that the background to his triumph is — a tomb. Remember that it is the triumph over suffering; a triumph of One who still bears the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet, and the wound of the spear in his side; like many a poor soul who has followed him triumphant at last, and yet scarred, and only not maimed in the hard battle of life. Remember forever the adorable wounds of Christ. Remember forever

that St. John saw in the midst of the throne of God the likeness of a lamb, as it had been slain. For so alone you will learn what our Lord's resurrection and ascension are to all who have to suffer and to toil on earth.

CCVIII.

Torfrida was a brave maiden; and what was more, she loved Hereward, the Wake, with all her heart. Else why endure bitter words for his sake? And she set herself to teach and train the wild outlaw into her ideal of a very perfect knight.

She talked to him of modesty and humility, the root of all virtues; of chivalry and self-sacrifice; of respect to the weak, and mercy to the fallen; of devotion to God, and awe of his commandments. She set before him the example of ancient heroes and philosophers, of saints and martyrs; and as much awed him by her learning, as by the new world of higher and purer morality, which was opened for the first time to the wandering Viking.

He, for his part, drank it all in. Taught by a woman who loved him, he could listen to humiliating truths, which he would have sneered at, had they come from the lips of a hermit or a priest. Often he rebelled; often he broke loose, and made her angry, and himself ashamed; but the spell

was upon him—a far surer, as well as purer spell than any love-potion of which Torfrida had ever dreamed—the only spell which can really civilize man—that of woman's tact and woman's purity.

CCIX.

I have heard it said that a woman's intellect is not fit for business; that when a woman takes to business, she is apt to do it ill, and unpleasantly likewise; to be more suspicious, more irritable, more grasping, more unreasonable, than regular men of business would be; that, as I have heard it put, "A woman does not fight fair." The answer is simple: that a woman's intellect is eminently fitted for business is proved by the enormous amount of business she gets through without any special training for it: but those faults in a woman of which some men complain are simply the results of her not having had a special training. She does not know the laws of business. She does not know the rules of the game she is playing; and therefore she is playing it in the dark, in fear and suspicion, apt to judge of questions on personal grounds, often those with whom she has to do, and oftener still making herself miserable over matters of law or of business, on which

a little sound knowledge would set head and heart at rest.

When I have seen widows having the care of children, of a great household, of a great estate, of a great business, struggling heroically, and yet often mistakenly; blamed severely for selfishness and ambition, while they were really sacrificing themselves with the divine instinct of a mother for their children's interests, I have stood by with mingled admiration and pity, and said to myself, "How nobly she is doing the work without teaching! How much more nobly would she have done it had she been taught! She is now doing the work at the most enormous waste of energy. Had she had knowledge, thrift would have followed it; she would have done more work with far less trouble. She will probably kill herself if she goes on. Sound knowledge would have saved her health, saved her heart, saved her friends, and helped the very loved ones for whom she labors, not always with success."

CCX.

Fresh from the marbles of the British Museum, I went my way through London streets. My brain was still full of fair and grand forms; the forms of men and women whose every limb and attitude

betokened perfect health, and grace, and power, and a self-possession and self-restraint so habitual and complete that it had become unconscious, and undistinguishable from the native freedom of the savage. For I had been up and down the corridors of those Greek sculptures, which remain as a perpetual sermon to rich and poor, amid our artificial, unwholesome, and it may be decaying pseudo-civilization; saying with looks more expressive than all words, such men and women can be; for such they have been; and such you may be yet, if you will use that science of which you too often only boast. Above all, I had been pondering over the awful and yet tender beauty of the maiden figures from the Parthenon and its kindred temples. And these, or such as these, I thought to myself, were the sisters of the men who fought at Marathon and Salamis; the mothers of many a man among the ten thousand whom Xenophon led back from Babylon to the Black Sea shore; the ancestresses of many a man who conquered the East in Alexander's host, and fought with Porus in the far Punjab. And were these women mere dolls? These men mere gladiators? Were they not the parents of philosophy, science, poetry, the plastic arts? We talk of education now. Are we more educated than were the ancient Greeks? Do we know any thing about education, physical, intellect-

ual, or æsthetic, and I may say moral likewise — religious education, of course, in our sense of the word, they had none — but do we know any thing about education of which they have not taught us, at least the rudiments? Are there not some branches of education which they perfected, once and forever, leaving us northern barbarians to follow, or else not to follow, their example? To produce health, that is, harmony and sympathy, proportion and grace, in every faculty of mind and body — that was their notion of education. To produce that, the text-book of their childhood was the poetry of Homer, and not of — but I am treading on dangerous ground. It was for this that the seafaring Greek lad was taught to find his ideal in Ulysses; while his sister at home found hers, it may be, in Nausicaa. It was for this, that when perhaps the most complete and exquisite of all the Greeks, Sophocles the good, beloved by gods and men, represented on the Athenian stage his drama of *Nausicaa*, and, as usual, could not — for he had no voice — himself take a speaking part, he was content to do one thing in which he specially excelled; and dressed and masked as a girl, to play at ball amid the chorus of Nausicaa's maidens.

That drama of *Nausicaa* is lost; and if I dare say so of any play of Sophocles', I scarce regret

it. It is well, perhaps, that we have no second conception of the scene, to interfere with the simplicity, so grand, and yet so tender, of Homer's idyllic episode.

CCXI.

Fair Nausicaa must have been — some will say — surely a mere child of nature, and an uncultivated person.

So far from it, that her whole demeanor and speech show culture of the very highest sort full of "sweetness and light." Intelligent and fearless, quick to perceive the character of Ulysses, quick to answer his lofty and refined pleading, by words as lofty and refined, and pious withal, for it is she who speaks to her handmaids the once so famous words :

"Strangers and poor men all are sent from
Zeus ;

And alms though small, are sweet."

Clear of intellect, prompt of action, modest of demeanor, shrinking from the slightest breath of scandal ; while she is not ashamed, when Ulysses, bathed and dressed, looks himself again, to whisper to her maidens her wish that the gods might

send her such a spouse. This is Nausicaa as Homer draws her; and as many a scholar and poet since Homer has accepted her for the ideal of noble maidenhood. I ask my readers to study for themselves her interview with Ulysses, in Mr. Worsley's translation, or rather in the grand simplicity of the original Greek (*Odyssey*, Book VI. pp. 127-315; vol. I. pp. 143-150 of Mr. Worsley's translation), and judge whether Nausicaa is not as perfect a lady as the poet who imagined her—or it may be, drew her from life—must have been a perfect gentleman—both complete in those “manners” which, says the old proverb, “make the man;” but which are the woman herself; because with her—who acts more by emotion than by calculation—manners are the outward and visible tokens of her inward and spiritual grace or disgrace; and flow instinctively, whether good or bad, from the instincts of her inner nature.

True, Nausicaa could neither read nor write. No more, most probably, could the author of the *Odyssey*. No more, for that matter, could Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, though they were plainly, both in mind and manners, most highly cultivated men. Reading and writing, of course, have now become necessities of humanity; and are to be given to every human being, that he may start fair in the race of life. But I am not aware that

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Greek women improved much, either in manners, morals, or happiness, by acquiring them in after centuries. A wise man would sooner see his daughter a Nausicaa than a Sappho, an Aspasia, a Cleopatra, or even an Hypatia.

CCXII.

There was once a science called physiognomy. The Greeks, from what I can learn, knew more of it than any people since; though the Italian painters and sculptors must have known much; far more than we. In a more scientific civilization there will be such a science once more: but its laws though still in the empiric stage, are not altogether forgotten by some. Little children have often a fine and clear instinct of them likewise. And some such would tell us that there is intellect in plenty in the modern Nausicaa: but not of the quality which they desire for their country's future good. Self-consciousness, eagerness, volubility, petulance, in countenance, in gesture, and in voice—which last is too often most harsh and artificial, the breath being sent forth through the closed teeth, and almost entirely at the corners of the mouth—and, with all this, a weariness often about the wrinkling forehead and the drooping lids;—all these, which are growing too common, not among

the Demos only, nor only in the towns, are signs, they think, of the unrest, of unhealth, physical, intellectual, spiritual. At least they are as different as two types of physiognomy in the same race can be from the expression both of face and gesture, in those old Greek sculptures, and in the old Italian painters; and, it must be said, in the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Copley, and Romney. Not such, one thinks, must have been the mothers of Britain during the latter half of the last century and the beginning of the present; when their sons, at times, were holding half the world at bay.

And if Nausicaa has become such in town, what is she when she goes to the seaside, not to wash the clothes in fresh water, but herself in salt—the very salt water, laden with decaying organisms, from which though not polluted further by a dozen sewers, Ulysses had to cleanse himself, anointing, too, with oil, ere he was fit to appear in the company of Nausicaa of Greece. She cannot cleanse herself with the filthy salt water; and probably chills and tires herself by walking thither and back and staying in too long; and then flaunts on the pier, bedizened in garments which, for monstrosity of form and disharmony of colors, would have set that Greek Nausicaa's teeth on edge, or those of any average Hindoo woman now.

Or, even sadder still, she sits on chairs and benches all the weary afternoon, her head dropped on her chest, over some novel from the "Library," and then returns to tea and shrimps, and lodgings of which the fragrance is not unsuggestive, sometimes not unproductive of typhoid fever. Ah, poor Nausicaa of England! That is a sad sight to some who think about the present, and have read about the past.

It is not a sad sight to see your old father—tradesman, or clerk, or what not—who has done good work in his day, and hopes to do some more, sitting by your old mother who has done good work in her day—honest, kindly, cheerful folk enough, and not inefficient in their own calling; though an average Northumbrian, or Highlander, or Irish Easterling, beside carrying a brain of five times the intellectual force, could drive five such men over the cliff with his bare hands. It is not a sad sight, I say, to see them sitting about upon those seaside benches, looking out listlessly at the water, and the ships, and the sunlight, and enjoying, like so many flies upon a wall, the novel act of doing nothing. It is not the old for whom wise men are sad: but for you. Where is your vitality? Where is your "*Lebensglückseligkeit*," your enjoyment of superfluous life and power? Why can you not even dance and sing, till now and then, at

night, perhaps, when you ought to be safe in bed, but when the weak brain, after receiving the day's nourishment, has roused itself a second time into a false excitement of gaslight pleasure? What there is left of it is all going into some foolish novel, which the womanly element in you, still healthy and alive, delights in; because it places you in fancy in situations in which you will never stand, and inspires you with emotions, some of which, it may be, you had better never feel. Poor Nausicaa — old, some men think, before you have been ever young.

And now they are going to “develop” you; and let you have your share in “the higher education of women,” by making you read more books, and do more sums, and pass examinations, and stoop over desks at night after stooping over some other employment all day; and to teach you Latin, and even Greek.

Well, we will gladly teach you Greek, if you learn thereby to read the history of Nausicaa of old, and what manner of maiden she was, and what was her education. You will admire her, doubtless. But do not let your admiration limit itself to drawing a meagre, half-mediævalized design of her — as she never looked. Copy in your own person; and even if you do not descend as low — or rise as high — as washing the household

clothes, at least learn to play at ball; and sing in the open air and sunshine, not in theatres and concert-rooms by gas-light; and take decent care of your own health; and dress, not like a "Parisienne"—nor, of course, like Nausicaa of old, for that is to ask too much;—but somewhat more like an average Highland lassie; and try to look like her and be like her, of whom Wordsworth sang.

CCXIII.

I verily believe that any young lady who would employ some of her leisure time in collecting wild flowers, carefully examining them, verifying them, and arranging them; or who would in her summer trip to the sea-coast do the same by the common objects of the shore, instead of wasting her holiday, as one sees hundreds doing, in lounging on benches and criticising dresses—that such a young lady, I say, would not only open her own mind to a world of wonder, beauty, and wisdom, which, if it did not make her a more reverent and pious soul, she cannot be the woman which I take for granted she is; but would save herself from the habit—I had almost said the necessity—of gossip; because she would have things to think of and not merely persons; facts instead of fancies; while she would acquire something of ac-

curacy, of patience, of methodical observation and judgment, which would stand her in good stead in the events of daily life, and increase her power of bridling her tongue and her imagination. "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few," is the lesson which those are learning all day long who study the works of God with reverent accuracy, lest by misrepresenting them they should be tempted to say that God has done that which he has not; and in that wholesome discipline I long that women as well as men should share.

CCXIV.

Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes, merely, but for the sake of others. For, whether they will or not, they must educate others. I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching; that they ought to be well taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those—and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old—who exercises as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is,

those know best who know most of the world and most of human nature. There are those who consider—and I agree with them—that the education of boys under the age of twelve years, ought to be entrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask, of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true? I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies that he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women. I should have thought that the very mission of woman was to be in the highest sense the educator of man from infancy to old age; that that was the work towards which all the God-given capacities of women pointed; for which they were to be educated to the highest pitch. I should have thought that it was the glory of woman that she was sent into the world to live for others, rather than for herself; and therefore I should say, Let her smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redressed; but let her never be persuaded to forget that she is sent into the world to teach man—what, I believe, she has been teaching him all along, even in the savage state—namely, that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is, the performing of duties; to teach him specially, in these so-called intellectual days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is—purity and virtue. Let her

never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and the diviner calling of self-sacrifice; and let her never desert that higher life which lives in others and for others, like her Redeemer and her Lord.

And if any should answer that this doctrine would keep woman a dependent and a slave, I rejoin — not so: it would keep her what she should be, the mistress of all around her, because the mistress of herself. And more, I should express a fear that those who made that answer had not yet seen into the mystery of true greatness and true strength; that they did not yet understand the true magnanimity, the true royalty of that spirit by which the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

CCXV.

Surely woman's calling is to teach man; and to teach him what? to teach him, after all, that his calling is the same as hers, if he will but see the things which belong to his peace. To temper his fiercer, coarser, more self-assertive nature, by the contact of her gentleness, purity, self-sacrifice. To make him see that not by blare of trumpets, not

by noise, wrath, greed, ambition, intrigue, puffery, is good and lasting work to be done on earth; but by wise self-distrust, by silent labor, by lofty self-control, by that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; by such an example, in short, as women now in tens of thousands set to those around them; such as they will show more and more, the more their whole womanhood is educated to employ its powers without waste, and without haste in harmonious unity.

CCXVI.

Is not the highest heroism that which is free even from the approbation of the best and wisest? The heroism which is known only to our Father, who seeth in secret? The God-like deeds alone in the lonely chamber? The God-like lives lived in obscurity?—a heroism rare among us men, who live perforce in the glare and noise of the outer world; more common among women; women of whom the world never hears; who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide, or their fellow-creatures would lose the golden lesson. But, never-

theless, it is of the essence of the perfect and womanly heroism in which, as in all spiritual forces, woman transcends the man, that it would hide if it could.

And it was a pleasant thought to me, when I glanced at the golden deeds of woman in Miss Yonge's book — it was a pleasant thought to me, that I could say to myself — Ah! yes. These heroines are known, and their fame flies through the mouths of men. But if so, how many thousands of heroines there must have been, how many thousands there may be now, of whom we shall never know. But still they are there. They sow in secret the seed of which we pluck the flower, and eat the fruit, and know not that we pass the sower daily in the street; perhaps some humble, ill-dressed woman, earning painfully her own small sustenance. She who nurses a bed-ridden mother instead of sending her to the workhouse. She who spends her heart and her money on a drunken father, a reckless brother, on the orphans of a kinsman or a friend. She who — but why go on with the long list of great little heroisms, with which a clergyman at least comes in contact daily — and it is one of the most ennobling privileges of a clergyman's high calling that he does come in contact with them — why go on, I say, save to commemorate one more form of

heroism—the commonest, and yet the least remembered of all—namely, the heroism of the average mother? Ah! when I think of that last broad fact, I gather hope again for poor humanity; and this dark world looks bright, this diseased world looks wholesome to me once more—because, whatever else it is or is not full of, it is at least full of mothers.

CCXVII.

“But what do you believe, Tregarva?” said Lancelot.

“I believe this, sir, and your cousin will believe the same, if he will only give up, as I am sore afraid he will need to some day, sticking to arguments and doctrines about the Lord, and love and trust the Lord himself. I believe, sir, that the Judge of all the earth will do right—and what’s right can’t be wrong, nor cruel either, else it would not be like him who loved us to the death. That’s all I know; and that’s enough for me. To whom little is given, of him little is required. He that didn’t know his Master’s will, will be beaten with few stripes, and he that did know it, as I do, will be beaten with many, if he neglects it—and that latter, not the former, is my concern.”

CCXVIII.

“Thou knowest,” said Pambo, with a smile, to Arsenius, “that, like many holy men of old, I am no scholar, and knew not even the Greek tongue, till thou, out of thy brotherly kindness, taughtest it to me. But hast thou never heard what Anthony said to a certain Pagan who reproached him with his ignorance of books? ‘Which is first,’ he asked, ‘spirit or letter? — Spirit, sayest thou? Then know the healthy spirit needs no letters. My book is the whole creation, lying open before me, wherein I can read, whensoever I please, the word of God.’”

“Dost thou not undervalue learning, my friend?”

“I am old among monks, and have seen much of their ways; and among them my simplicity seems to have seen this—many a man wearing himself with study, and tormenting his soul as to whether he believed rightly this doctrine and that, while he knew not with Solomon that in much learning is much sorrow, and that while he was puzzling at the letter of God’s message, the spirit of it was going fast and faster out of him.”

“And how didst thou know that of such a man?”

“By seeing him become a more and more learned theologian, and more and more zealous for the letter of orthodoxy; and yet less and less loving

and merciful—less and less full of trust in God, and of hopeful thoughts for himself and for his brethren, till he seemed to have darkened his whole soul with disputations, which breed only strife, and to have forgotten utterly the message which is written in that book wherewith the blessed Anthony was content.”

“Of what message dost thou speak?”

“Look,” said the old abbot, stretching his hand toward the eastern desert, “and judge, like a wise man, for thyself!”

As he spoke, a long arrow of level light flashed down the gorge from crag to crag, awakening every crack and slab to vividness and life. The great crimson sun rose swiftly through the dim night-mist of the desert, and as he poured his glory down the glen, the haze rose in threads and plumes and vanished, leaving the stream to sparkle round the rocks, like the living, twinkling eye of the whole scene. Swallows flashed by hundreds out of the cliff, and began their air-dance for the day; the jerboa hopped stealthily homeward on his stilts from his stolen meal in the monastery garden; the brown sand-lizards underneath the stones opened one eyelid each, and having satisfied themselves that it was day, dragged their bloated bodies and whip-like tails out into the most burning patch of gravel which they could find, and nestling together

as a further protection against cold, fell fast asleep again; the buzzard, who considered himself lord of the valley, awoke with a long querulous bark, and rising aloft in two or three vast rings, to stretch himself after his night's sleep, hung motionless, watching every lark which chirruped on the cliffs; while from the far-off Nile below, the awakening croak of pelicans, the clang of geese, the whistle of the godwit and curlew, came ringing up the windings of the glen; and last of all the voices of the monks rose chanting a morning hymn to some wild Eastern air; and a new day had begun in Scetis, like those which went before, and those which were to follow after, week after week, year after year, of toil and prayer as quiet as its sleep.

“What does that teach thee, Aufugus my friend?”

Arsenius was silent.

“To me it teaches this: that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. That in his presence is life and fullness of joy for evermore. That he is the giver, who delights in his own bounty; the lover, whose mercy is over all his works—and why not over thee, too, O thou of little faith? Look at those thousand birds—and without our Father not one of them shall fall to the ground: and art thou not of more value than many sparrows,

thou for whom God sent his Son to die?
Ah, my friend, we must look out and around to see what God is like. It is when we persist in turning our eyes inward, and prying curiously over our own imperfections, that we learn to make a God after our own image, and fancy that our own darkness and hardness of heart are the patterns of his light and love."

"Thou speakest rather as a philosopher than as a penitent Catholic. For me, I feel that I want to look more, and not less, inward. Deeper self-examination, completer abstraction, than I can attain even here, are what I crave for. I long—forgive me, my friend—but I long more and more, daily, for the solitary life. This earth is accursed by man's sin: the less we see of it, it seems to me, the better."

"I may speak as a philosopher, or as a heathen, for aught I know: yet it seems to me that, as they say, the half loaf is better than none; that the wise man will make the best of what he has, and throw away no lesson because the book is somewhat torn and soiled. The earth teaches me thus far already. Shall I shut my eyes to those invisible things of God which are clearly manifested by the things which are made, because some day they will be more clearly manifested than now?"

CCXIX.

“Well, friend !” said Pambo, “and what if thou art troubled at times by anxieties and schemes for this brother and for that? Better to be anxious for others than only for thyself. Better to have something to love—even something to weep over—than to become in some lonely cavern, thine own world,—perhaps, as more than one whom I have known, thine own God.”

“Do you know what you are saying?” asked Arsenius, in a startled tone.

“I say, that by fleeing into solitude a man cuts himself off from all which makes a Christian man; from law, obedience, fellow-help, self-sacrifice—from the communion of saints itself.”

“How then?”

“How canst thou hold communion with those toward whom thou canst show no love? And how canst thou show thy love but by works of love?”

“I can, at least, pray day and night for all mankind. Has that no place—or rather, has it not the mightiest place—in the communion of saints?”

“He who cannot pray for his brothers whom he does see, and whose sins and temptations he knows, will pray but dully, my friend Aufugus, for his brothers whom he does not see, or for any

thing else. And he who will not labor for his brothers, the same will soon cease to pray for them, or love them either. And then, what is written? ‘If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how will he love God whom he hath not seen?’”

“Again, I say, do you know whither your argument leads?”

“I am a plain man, and know nothing about arguments. If a thing be true, let it lead where it will, for it leads where God wills.”

CCXX.

“Each man,” said Arsenius, “has surely his vocation, and for each some peculiar method of life is more edifying than another. In my case, the habits of mind which I acquired in the world will cling to me in spite of myself even here. I cannot help watching the doings of others, studying their characters, planning and plotting for them, trying to prognosticate their future fate.”

“And do you fancy that the anchorite in his cell has fewer distractions?”

“What can he have but the supply of the mere necessary wants of life? And them, even, he may abridge to the gathering of a few roots and herbs. Men have lived like the beasts already, that they

might at the same time live like the angels—and why should not I also?”

“And thou art the wise man of the world—the student of the hearts of others—the anatomizer of thine own? Hast thou not found out that, besides a craving stomach, man carries with him a corrupt heart? Many a man I have seen who, in his haste to fly from the fiends without him, has forgotten to close the door of his heart against worse fiends who were ready to harbor within him. Many a monk, friend, changes his place, but not the anguish of his soul. I have known those who, driven to feed on their own thoughts in solitude, have desperately cast themselves from cliffs, or ripped up their own bodies, in the longing to escape from thoughts, from which one companion, one kindly voice, might have delivered them. I have known those, too, who have been so puffed up by those very penances which were meant to humble them, that they have despised all means of grace, as though they were already perfect, and refusing even the Holy Eucharist, have lived in self-glorying dreams and visions suggested by the evil spirits.

CCXXI.

“Tell me,” said the Prefect, to Raphael the Jew,

“what it was about which I heard you just now soliloquizing, as so hopeful a view of some matter or other?”

“Honestly—if you will neither betray me to your son and daughter, nor consider me as having in any wise committed myself—it was Paul of Tarsus’ notion of the history and destinies of our stiff-necked nation. See what your daughter has persuaded me into reading!” And he held up a manuscript of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

“It is execrable Greek. But it is sound philosophy, I cannot deny. He knows Plato better than all the ladies and gentlemen in Alexandria put together, if my opinion on the point be worth having.”

“I am a plain soldier, and no judge on that point, sir. He may or may not know Plato, but I am right sure that he knows God.

“Not too fast,” said Raphael, with a smile. “You do not know, perhaps, that I have spent the last ten years of my life among men who professed the same knowledge?”

“Augustine, too, spent the best ten years of his life among such; and yet he is now combating the very errors which he once taught.”

“Having found, he fancies, something better?”

“Having found it, most truly. But you must talk to him yourself, and argue the matter over,

with one who can argue. To me such questions are an unknown land."

"Well Perhaps I may be tempted to do even that. At least a thoroughly converted philosopher—for poor dear Synesius is half heathen still, I often fancy, and hankers after the wisdom of the Egyptian—will be a curious sight; and to talk with so famous and so learned a man would always be a pleasure; but to argue with him, or any other human being, none whatsoever."

"Why, then?"

"My dear sir, I am sick of syllogisms, and probabilities, and pros and contras. What do I care if, on weighing both sides, the nineteen pounds' weight of questionable arguments against, are overbalanced by the twenty pounds' weight of equally questionable arguments for? Do you not see that my belief of the victorious proposition will be proportioned to the one over-balancing pound only, while the whole other nineteen will go for nothing?"

"I really do not."

"Happy are you, then. I do, from many a sad experience. No, my worthy sir. I want a faith past arguments; one which, whether I can prove it or not to the satisfaction of the lawyers, I believe to my own satisfaction, and act on it as undoubtingly and unreasoningly as I do upon

my own newly rediscovered personal identity. I don't want to possess a faith. I want a faith which will possess me. And if I ever arrived at such a one, believe me, it would be by some such practical demonstration as this very tent has given me."

"This tent?"

"Yes, sir, this tent; within which I have seen you and your children lead a life of deeds as new to me the Jew, as they would be to Hypatia the Gentile. I have watched you for many a day, and not in vain. When I saw you an experienced officer, encumber your flight with wounded men, I was only surprised. But since I have seen you and your daughter, and, strangest of all, your gay young Alcibiades of a son, starving yourselves to feed those poor ruffians — performing for them, day and night, the offices of menial slaves — comforting them, as no man ever comforted me — blaming no one but yourselves, caring for every one but yourselves, sacrificing nothing but yourselves, and all this without hope of fame or reward, or dream of appeasing the wrath of any god or goddess, but simply because you thought it right. . . . When I saw that, sir, and more which I have seen; and when, reading in this book here, I found most unexpectedly those very grand moral rules which you were practicing,

seeming to spring unconsciously, as natural results, from the great thoughts, true or false, which had preceded them; then, sir, I began to suspect that the creed which could produce such deeds as I have watched within the last few days, might have on its side not merely a slight preponderance of probabilities, but what we Jews used once to call, when we believed in it—or in any thing—the mighty power of God.”

And as he spoke, he looked into the Prefect's face with the look of a man wrestling in some deadly struggle; so intense and terrible was the earnestness of his eye, that even the old soldier shrank before it.

“And therefore,” he went on, “therefore, sir, beware of your own actions, and of your children's. If, by any folly or baseness, such as I have seen in every human being whom I ever met as yet upon this accursed stage of fools, you shall crush my new-budding hope that there is something somewhere which will make me what I know that I ought to be, and can be—if you shall crush that, I say, by any misdoing of yours, you had better have been the murderer of my first-born; with such a hate—a hate which Jews alone can feel—will I hate you and yours.” “God help us and strengthen us!” said the old warrior, in a tone of noble humility.

CCXXII.

Before Philammon could force his way into the church, Cyril's sermon had begun.

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—“What went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Nay, such are in king's palaces, and in the palaces of prefects who would needs be emperors, and cast away the Lord's bonds from them,—of whom it is written, that he that sitteth in the heavens laugheth them to scorn, and taketh the wicked in their own snare, and maketh the devices of princes of none effect. Ay, in king's palaces, and in theatres too, where the rich of this world, poor in faith, deny their covenant, and defile their baptismal robes that they may do honor to the devoursers of the earth. Woe to them who think that they may partake of the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils. Woe to them who will praise with the same mouth Aphrodite the fiend, and her of whom it is written that he was born of a pure Virgin. Let such be excommunicate from the cup of the Lord, and from the congregation of the Lord, till they have purged away their sins by penance and by almsgiving. But for you, ye poor of this world, rich in faith, you whom the rich despise, hale before the judgment seats, and blaspheme that holy name whereby ye are called—what went ye out into

the wilderness to see? A prophet? — Ay, and more than a prophet — a martyr! More than a prophet, more than a king, more than a prefect; whose theatre was the sands of the desert, whose throne was the cross, whose crown was bestowed, not by heathen philosophers and daughters of Satan, deceiving men with the works of their fathers, but by angels and archangels; a crown of glory, the victor's laurel, which grows forever in the paradise of the highest heaven. Call him no more Ammonius, call him Thaumasius, wonderful! Wonderful in his poverty, wonderful in his zeal, wonderful in his faith, wonderful in his fortitude, wonderful in his death, most wonderful in the manner of that death. Oh, thrice blessed, who has merited the honor of the cross itself! What can follow but that one so honored in the flesh, should also be honored in the life which he now lives, and that from the virtue of these thrice holy limbs the leper should be cleansed, the dumb should speak, the very dead be raised? Yes; it were impiety to doubt it. Consecrated by the cross, this flesh shall not only rest in hope but work in power. Approach, and be healed! Approach, and see the glory of the saints, the glory of the poor. Approach, and learn that that which man despises, God hath highly esteemed; that that which man repels, God accepts; that that which man punishes, God rewards. Approach, and see how

God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of this world to confound the strong. Man abhors the cross: The Son of God condescended to endure it! Man tramples on the poor. The Son of God hath not where to lay his head. Man passes by the sick as useless: The Son of God chooses them to be partakers of his sufferings, that the glory of God may be made manifest in them. Man curses the publican, while he employs him to fill his coffers with the plunder of the poor. The Son of God calls him from the receipt of custom to be an apostle, higher than the kings of the earth. Man casts away the harlot like a faded flower, when he has tempted her to become the slave of sin for a season, and the Son of God calls her, the defiled, the despised, the forsaken, to himself, accepts her tears, blesses her offering, and declares that her sins are forgiven, for she hath loved much while to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little."

Philammon heard no more. With the passionate and impulsive nature of a Greek fanatic, he burst forward through the crowd, towards the steps which led to the choir, and above which, in front of the altar, stood the corpse of Ammonius, inclosed in a coffin of glass, beneath a gorgeous canopy; and never stopping till he found himself in front of Cyril's pulpit, he threw himself upon his face upon

the pavement, spread out his arms in the form of a cross, and lay silent and motionless before the feet of the multitude.

There was a sudden whisper and rustle in the congregation; but Cyril, after a moment's pause, went on —

“Man, in his pride and self-sufficiency, despises humiliation, and penance, and the broken and the contrite heart; and tells thee that only so long as thou doest well unto thyself will he speak well of thee: the Son of God says that he that humbleth himself, even as this our penitent brother, he it is who shall be exalted. He it is of whom it is written that his father saw him afar off, and ran to meet him, and bade put the best robe on him, and a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and make merry and be glad with the choir of angels who rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Arise, my son, whosoever thou art; and go in peace for this night, remembering that he who said ‘My belly cleaveth unto the pavement,’ hath also said, ‘Rejoice not against me, Satan, mine enemy, for when I fall I shall arise!’”

A thunderclap of applause, surely as pardonable as any an Alexandrian church ever heard, followed this dexterous, and yet most righteous, turn of the patriarch's oratory; but Philammon raised himself slowly and fearfully to his knees, and blushing scarlet, endured the gaze of ten thousand eyes.

Suddenly, from beside the pulpit, an old man sprang forward, and clasped him round the neck. It was Arsenius.

"My son! my son!" sobbed he, almost aloud.

"Slave, as well as son, if you will!" whispered Philammon. "One boon from the patriarch; and then home to the Laura forever!"

"Oh, twice-blessed night," rolled on above the deep rich voice of Cyril, "which beholds at once the coronation of a martyr, and the conversion of a sinner; which increases at the same time the ranks of the Church triumphant and of the Church militant; and pierces celestial essences with a two-fold rapture of thanksgiving, as they welcome on high a victorious, and on earth a repentant, brother!"

And at a sign from Cyril, Peter the Reader, stepped forward, and led away, gently enough, the two weepers, who were welcomed as they passed by the blessings, and prayers, and tears even of those fierce fanatics of Nitria. Nay, Peter himself, as he turned to leave them together in the sacristy, held out his hand to Philammon.

"I ask your forgiveness," said the poor boy who plunged eagerly and with a sort of delight into any and every self abasement.

"And I accord it," quoth Peter; and returned to the church, looking, and probably feeling, in a far more pleasant mood than usual.

CCXXIII.

Hypatia was a Greek, and a woman — and for that matter, so were the men of her school. To her the relations and duties of common humanity shone with none of the awful and divine meaning which they did in the eyes of the converted Jew, awakened for the first time in his life to know the meaning of his own Scriptures, and become an Israelite indeed. And Raphael's dialectic, too, though it might silence her, could not convince her. Her creed, like those of her fellow-philosophers, was one of the fancy and the religious sentiment, rather than of the reason and the moral sense. All the brilliant cloud-world in which she had revelled for years, — cosmogonies, emanations, affinities, symbolisms, hierarchies, abysses, eternities, and the rest of it — though she could not rest in them, not even believe in them — though they had vanished into thin air at her most utter need — yet they were too pretty to be lost sight of forever; and, struggling against the growing conviction of her reason, she answered at last, —

“And you would have me give up, as you seem to have done, the sublime, the beautiful, the heavenly, for a dry and barren chain of dialectic — in which, for aught I know — for after all, Raphael, I cannot cope with you — I am a woman — a weak woman!”

And she covered her face with her hands.

"For aught you know, what?" asked Raphael gently.

"You may have made the worse appear the better reason."

So said Aristophanes of Socrates. But hear me once more, beloved Hypatia. You refuse to give up the beautiful, the sublime, the heavenly? What if Raphael Aben-Ezra, at least, had never found them till now? Recollect what I said just now — what if our old Beautiful, and Sublime, and Heavenly had been the sheerest materialism, notions spun by our own brains out of the impressions of pleasant things, and high things, and low things, and awful things, which we had seen with our bodily eyes? what if I had discovered that the spiritual is not the intellectual, but the moral; and that the spiritual world is not, as we used to make it, a world of our own intellectual abstractions, or of our own physical emotions, religious or other, but a world of righteous or unrighteous persons? What if I had discovered that one law of the spiritual world, in which others were contained, was righteousness; and that disharmony with that law, which we called unspirituality, was not being vulgar or clumsy, or ill-taught, or unimaginative, or dull, but simply being unrighteous? What if I had discovered that righteousness, and it alone was the

beautiful, righteousness the sublime, the heavenly, the God-like—ay, God himself? And, what if it had dawned on me, as by a great sunrise, what that righteousness was like? What if I had seen a human being, a woman, too, a young weak girl, showing forth the glory and the beauty of God? Showing me that the beautiful was to mingle unshrinking, for duty's sake, with all that is most foul and loathsome; that the sublime was to stoop to the most menial offices, the most outwardly-degrading self-denials; that to be heavenly, was to know that the commonest relations, the most vulgar duties of earth, were God's commands, and only to be performed aright by the help of the same spirit by which he rules the Universe; that righteousness was to love, to help to suffer for—if need be, to die for—those who, in themselves, seem fitted to arouse no feelings except indignation and disgust? What if, for the first time, I trust not for the last time, in my life, I saw this vision; and at the sight of it my eyes were opened, and I knew it for the likeness and the glory of God? What if I, a Platonist, like John of Galilee, and Paul of Tarsus, yet, like them, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, had confessed to myself—If the creature can love thus, how much more its archetype? If weak woman can endure thus, how much more a Son of God? If, for the good of others, man has strength

to sacrifice himself in part, God will have strength to sacrifice himself utterly. If he has not done it, he will do it; or he will be less beautiful, less sublime, less heavenly, less righteous than my poor conception of him, ay, than this weak, playful girl! Why should I not believe those who tell me that he has done it already? What if their evidence be, after all, only probability? I do not want mathematical demonstration to prove to me that when a child was in danger its father saved him—neither do I here. My reason, my heart, every faculty of me, except this stupid, sensuous experience, which I find deceiving you every moment, which cannot even prove to me my own existence, accepts that story of Calvary as the most natural, most probable, most necessary of earthly events, assuming only that God is a righteous Person, and not some dream of an all-pervading necessary spirit—nonsense which in its very terms, confesses its own materialism.

CCXXIV.

We must, in the great majority of cases, have the *corpus sanem* if we want the *mentem sanem*; and healthy bodies are the only trustworthy organs for healthy minds. Which is cause, and which is effect, I shall not stay to debate here. But wher-

ever we find a population generally weakly, stunted, scrofulous, we find in them a corresponding type of brain, which cannot be trusted to do good work; which is capable more or less of madness, whether solitary or epidemic. It may be very active. It may be very quick at catching at new and grand ideas—all the more quick, perhaps, on account of its own secret *malaise* and self-discontent; but it will be irritable, spasmodic, hysterical. It will be apt to mistake capacity of talk for capacity of action, excitement for earnestness, virulence for force, and, too often, cruelty for justice. It will lose manful independence, individuality, originality; and when men act, they will act from the consciousness of personal weakness, like sheep rushing over a hedge, leaning against each other, exhorting each other to be brave, and swaying about in mobs and masses. These were the intellectual weaknesses which, as I read history, followed on physical degradation in Imperial Rome, in Alexandria, in Byzantium.

CCXXV.

Why should not people be taught something about the tissues of the body, their structure and uses, the circulation of the blood, respiration, chemical changes in the air respired, amount breathed, diges-

tion, nature of food, absorption, secretion, structure of the nervous system—in fact, be taught something of how their own bodies are made and how they work. Teaching of this kind ought to, and will, in some more civilized age and country, be held as necessary as reading, writing, and arithmetic; for it is after all the most necessary branch of that “technical education” of which we hear so much just now, namely, the technic, or art, of keeping one’s self alive and well.

CCXXVI.

Without well-filled lungs, robust health is impossible. And if any one shall answer, “We do not want robust health so much as intellectual attainment. The mortal body, being the lower organ, must take its chance, and be even sacrificed, if need be, to the higher organ—the immortal mind.” To such I reply, you cannot do it. The laws of nature, which are the express will of God, laugh such attempts to scorn. Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy. And the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialized of all organs, suffers most of all and soonest of all, as every one knows who has tried to work his brain when his diges-

tion was the least out of order. Nay, the very morals will suffer. From ill-filled lungs, which signify ill-repaired blood, arise year by year, an amount not merely of disease, but of folly, temper, laziness, intemperance, madness, and, let me tell you fairly, crime—the sum of which will never be known till that great day when men shall be called to account for all deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

CCXXVII.

As in that which is above nature, so in nature itself. He that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him; and all nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself on him, and on his children after him, he knows not when or where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the laws of nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head, and the dust beneath his feet, because he is obeying the will and mind of him who made sun, and dust, and all things, and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.

CCXXVIII.

Ah, the waste of health and strength in the young; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them. How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature which are the will of God about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey, as we are bound to know and obey the spiritual laws whereon depends the welfare of our souls.

CCXXIX.

Andrew Combe tells a story of a large charity school, in which the young girls were, for the sake of their health, shut up in the hall and school-room during play-hours, from November till March, and no romping or noise allowed. The natural consequences were, the great majority of them fell ill; and I am afraid that a great deal of illness has been from time to time contracted in certain school-rooms, simply through this one cause of enforced silence. Some cause or other there must be for the amount of ill-health and weakness which prevails especially among girls of the middle classes in towns, who have not, poor things, the opportunities which richer girls have, of keeping themselves

in strong health by riding, skating, archery—that last quite an admirable exercise for the chest and lungs, and far preferable to croquet, which involves too much unwholesome stooping. Even playing at ball, if milliners and shop-girls had room to indulge in a game after their sedentary work, might bring fresh spirits to many a heart, and fresh color to many a cheek.

CCXXX.

If the craving for stimulants and narcotics is a token of deficient vitality, then the deadliest foe of that craving, and all its miserable results, is surely the Sanitary Reformer; the man who preaches, and—as far as ignorance and vested interests will allow him—procures for the masses, pure air, pure sunlight, pure water, pure dwelling-houses, pure food. Not merely every fresh drinking-fountain, but every fresh public bath and wash-house, every fresh open space, every fresh growing tree, every fresh open window—each of these is so much as the old Persians would have said, conquered for Ormuzd, the god of light and life, out of the dominion of Ahriman, the king of darkness and of death; so much taken from the causes of drunkenness and disease, and added to the causes of sobriety and health.

CCXXXI.

It is proposed, just now, to assimilate the education of girls more and more to that of boys. If that means that girls are merely to learn more lessons, and to study what their brothers are taught in addition to what their mothers were taught, then it is to be hoped, at least by physiologists and patriots, that the scheme will sink into that limbo whither, in a free and tolerably rational country, all imperfect and ill-considered schemes are sure to gravitate. But if the proposal be a *bona fide* one, then it must be borne in mind that in the public schools of England, and in all private schools, I presume, which take their tone from them, cricket and football are more or less compulsory, being considered integral parts of an Englishman's education; and that they are likely to remain so, in spite of reclamations: because masters and boys alike know that games do not, in the long run, interfere with a boy's work; that the same boy will very often excel in both; that the games keep him in health for his work; that the spirit with which he takes to his games when in the lower school is a fair test of the spirit with which he will take to his work when he rises into the higher school; and that nothing is worse for a boy than to fall into a loafing, tuck-shop-haunting set, who neither

play hard nor work hard, and are usually extravagant and often vicious. Moreover, they know well that games conduce, not merely to physical, but to moral health; that in the playing-field boys acquire virtues which no books can give them; not merely daring and endurance, but, better still, temper, self-restraint, fairness, honor, unenvious approbation of another's success, and all that "give and take" of life which stand a man in such good stead when he goes forth into the world, and without which, indeed, his success is always maimed and partial.

Now, if the promoters of higher education for women will compel girls to any training analogous to our public school games; if, for instance, they will insist on singing, to expand the lungs and regulate the breath; and on some games—ball or what not—which will ensure that raised chest, and upright carriage, and general strength of the upper torso, without which full oxygenation of the blood, and therefore, general health is impossible; if they will sternly forbid tight stays, high heels, and all which interferes with free growth and free motion; if they will consider carefully all which has been written on the "half time system" by Mr. Chadwick and others; and accept the certain physical law that in order to renovate the brain day by day, the growing creature must have plenty of

fresh air and play, and that the child who learns for four hours and plays for four hours, will learn more, and learn it more easily, than the child who learns for the whole eight hours; if, in short, they will teach girls not merely to understand the Greek tongue, but to copy somewhat of the Greek physical training, of that "music and gymnastic" which helped to make the cleverest race of the old world the ablest race likewise; then they will earn the gratitude of the patriot and the physiologist, by doing their best to stay the downward tendencies of the physique, and therefore ultimately of the morale in the coming generation of English women.

CCXXXII.

We all live too fast, and work too hard. "All things are full of labor, man cannot utter it." In the heavy struggle for existence which goes on all around us, each man is tasked more and more — if he be really worth buying and using — to the utmost of his powers all day long. The weak have to compete on equal terms with the strong; and crave in consequence, for artificial strength. How we shall stop that I know not, while every man is "making haste to be rich, and piercing himself through with many sorrows, and falling into foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in de-

struction and perdition." How we shall stop that, I say, I know not. The old prophet may have been right when he said, "Surely it is not of the Lord that the people shall labor in the very fire, and weary themselves for very vanity;" and in some juster, wiser, more sober system of society—somewhat more like the Kingdom of the Father come on earth—it may be that poor human beings will not need to toil so hard, and to keep themselves up to their work by stimulants, but will have time to sit down, and look around them, and think of God, and of God's quiet universe, with something of quiet in themselves; something of rational leisure, and of manful sobriety of mind, as well as of body.

CCXXXIII.

What we all want is inward rest; rest of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character, which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraints, for it is strong enough to use God's gifts without abusing them; the character, in a word, which is truly temperate, not in drink or food merely, but in all desires, thoughts, and actions; freed from the wild lusts and ambitions to which

that old Adam yielded, and, seeking for light and life by means forbidden, found thereby disease and death. Yes; I know that. And yet, in such a world as this, governed by a Being who has made sunshine and flowers, and green grass, and the song of birds, and happy human smiles; and who would educate by them—if we would let him—his human children from the cradle to the grave; in such a world as this, will you grudge any particle of that education, even any harmless substitute for it, to those spirits in prison, whose surroundings too often tempt them, from the cradle to the grave, to fancy that the world is composed of bricks and iron, and governed by inspectors and policemen? Preach to those spirits in prison, but let them have besides some glimpses of the splendid fact, that outside their prison-house is a world which God, not man, has made, wherein grows everywhere that tree of knowledge which is likewise the tree of life; and that they have a right to some small share of its beauty, and its wonder, and its rest, for their own health of soul and body, and for the health of their children after them.

CCXXXIV.

Can truth and fact harm any human being? I shall not believe so, as long as I have a Bible

wherein to believe. For my part, I should like to make every man, woman, and child whom I meet discontented with themselves, even as I am discontented with myself. I should like to awaken in them, about their physical, their intellectual, their moral condition, that divine discontent which is parent, first of upward aspiration and then of self-control, thought, effort to fulfil that aspiration even in part. For to be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue. Men begin at first, as boys begin when they grumble at their school and their school-masters, to lay the blame on others; to be discontented with their circumstances—the things which stand around them; and to cry, “Oh that I had this!” “Oh that I had that!” But that way no deliverance lies. That discontent only ends in revolt and rebellion, social or political; and that again, still in the same worship of circumstances—but this time desperate—which ends, let it disguise itself under what fine names it will, in what the old Greeks called a tyranny; in which—as in the Spanish republics of America, and in France more than once—all have become the voluntary slaves of one man, because each man fancies that the one man can improve his circumstances for him.

But the wise man will learn, like Epictetus the

heroic slave, the slave of Epaphroditus, Nero's minion — and in what baser and uglier circumstances could human being find himself? — to find out the secret of being truly free; namely, to be discontented with no man and thing save himself. To say not — “Oh that I had this and that!” but “Oh that I were this and that!” Then, by God's help — and that heroic slave, heathen though he was, believed and trusted in God's help — “I will make myself that which God has shown me that I ought to be and can be.”

CCXXXV.

If a man comes up to Nature, as to a parrot or a monkey, with this prevailing thought in his head — Will it bite me? — will he not be pretty certain to make up his mind that it may bite him, and had therefore best be left alone?

It is only the man of courage — few and far between — who will stand the chance of a first bite, in the hope of teaching the parrot to talk, or the monkey to fire off a gun. And it is only the man of courage — few and far between — who will stand the chance of a first bite from Nature, which may kill him for aught he knows — for her teeth, though clumsy, are very strong — in order that he may tame her, and break her into his use by the very same

method by which that admirable, inductive philosopher, Mr. Rarey, used to break his horses; first, by not being afraid of them; and next, by trying to find out what they were thinking of. But after all, as with animals, so with Nature; cowardice is dangerous. The surest method of getting bitten by an animal is to be afraid of it; and the surest method of being injured by Nature is to be afraid of it. Only as far as we understand Nature are we safe from it; and those who in any age counsel mankind not to pry into the secrets of the universe, counsel them not to provide for their own life and well-being, or for their children after them.

But how few there have been in any age who have not been afraid of Nature. How few have set themselves, like Rarey, to tame her by finding out what she is thinking of. The mass are glad to have the results of science, as they are to buy Mr. Rarey's horses after they are tamed; but for want of courage or of wit, they had rather leave the taming process to some one else. And, therefore, we may say that what knowledge of Nature we have—and we have very little—we owe to the courage of those men—and they have been very few—who have been inspired to face Nature boldly; and say—or, what is better, act as if they were saying, “I find something in me which I do

not find in you; which gives me the hope that I can grow to understand you, though you may not understand me; that I may become your master, and not as now, you mine. And if not, I will know; or die in the search."

It is to those men, the few and far between, in a very few ages, and very few countries, who have thus risen in rebellion against Nature, and look it in the face with an unquailing glance, that we owe what we call Physical Science.

CCXXXVI.

The founders of inductive, physical science were not the Jews; but first the Chaldeans, next the Greeks, next their pupils, the Romans—or rather a few sages among each race. But what success had they? The Chaldean astronomers made a few discoveries concerning the motions of heavenly bodies, which, rudimentary as they were, still prove them to have been men of rare intellect. For a great and patient genius must he have been who first distinguished the planets from the fixed stars, or worked out the earliest astronomical calculation. But they seem to have been crushed, as it were, by their own discoveries. They stopped short. They gave way again to the primeval fear of Nature. They sank into planet worship. They in-

vented, it would seem, that fantastic pseudo-science of astrology, which lay for ages after as an incubus on the human intellect and conscience. They became the magicians and quacks of the old world; and mankind owed them thenceforth nothing but evil.

Among the Greeks and Romans, again, those sages who dared face nature like reasonable men, were accused by the superstitious mob as irreverent, impious atheists. The wisest of them all, Socrates, was actually put to death on that charge; and finally they failed. School after school in Greece and Rome, struggled to discover and to get a hearing for some theory of the universe which was founded on something like experience, reason, common-sense. They were not allowed to prosecute their attempt. The mud-ocean of ignorance and fear in which they struggled so manfully, was too strong for them; the mud-waves closed over their heads finally, as the age of the Antonines expired, and the last effort of Græco-Roman thought to explain the universe was Neoplatonism—the muddiest of the muddy—an attempt to apologise for, and organize into a system, all the nature-dreading superstitions of the Roman world. Porphyry, Plotinus, Proclus, poor Hypatia herself, and all her school—they may have had themselves no bodily fear of Nature; for they were noble

souls. Yet they spent their time in justifying those who had; in apologizing for the superstitions of the very mob which they despised; just as—it sometimes seems to me—some folks in these days are like to end in doing; begging that the masses might be allowed to believe in any thing, however false, lest they should believe in nothing at all: as if believing in lies could do any thing but harm to any human being. And so died the science of the old world, in a true second childhood, just where it began.

The Jewish sages, I hold, taught that science was probable; the Greeks and Romans proved that it was possible. It remained for our race, under the teaching of both, to bring science into act and fact.

CCXXXVII.

The word science defines itself. It means simply knowledge; that is, of course, right knowledge, or such an approximation as can be obtained; knowledge of any natural object, its classification, its causes, its effects; or, in plain English, what it is, how it came where it is, and what can be done with it.

And scientific method, likewise, needs no definition; for it is simply the exercise of common-sense.

It is not a peculiar, unique, professional, or mysterious process of the understanding; but the same which all men employ, from the cradle to the grave, in forming correct conclusions.

Every one who knows the philosophic writings of Mr. John Stuart Mill, will be familiar with this opinion. But to those who have no leisure to study him, I should recommend the reading of Professor Huxley's third lecture on the origin of species.

In that he shows, with great logical skill, as well as with some humor, how the man who, on rising in the morning finds his parlor window open, the spoons and teapot gone, the mark of a dirty hand on the window-sill, and that of a hob-nailed boot outside, and comes to the conclusion that some one has broken open the window and stolen the plate, arrives at that hypothesis—for it is nothing more—by a long and complex train of inductions and deductions, of just the same kind as those which, according to the Baconian philosophy, are to be used for investigating the deepest secrets of Nature.

CCXXXVIII.

From blind fear of the unknown, science does certainly deliver man. She does by man as he

does by an unbroken colt. The colt sees by the roadside some quite new object — a cast-away boot, an old kettle, or what-not. What a fearful monster! What unknown, terrific powers may it not possess! And the colt shies across the road, runs up the bank, rears on end, putting itself thereby, as many a man does, in real danger. What cure is there? But one, experience. So science takes us, as we should take the colt, gently by the halter, and makes us simply smell at the new monster, till after a few trembling sniffs, we discover like the colt, that it is not a monster, but a kettle. Yet I think if we sum up the loss and gain we shall find the colt's character has gained rather than lost by being thus disabused. He learns to substitute a very rational reverence for the man who is breaking him in, for a totally irrational reverence for the kettle; and becomes thereby a much wiser and more useful member of society, as does the man when disabused of his superstitions.

CCXXXIX.

If science proposes — as she does — to make men brave, wise, and independent, she must needs excite unpleasant feelings in all who desire to keep men cowardly, ignorant, and slavish. And that too many such persons have existed in all ages is but too

notorious. There have been from all time, goëtai, quacks, pow-wow men, rain-makers, and necromancers of various sorts, who having for their own purposes set forth partial, ill-grounded, fantastic, and frightful interpretations of nature, have no love for those who search after a true, exact, brave, and hopeful one. And therefore it is to be feared, or hoped, science and superstition will to the world's end remain irreconcilable and internecine foes.

Conceive the feelings of an old Lapland witch, who has had for the last fifty years all the winds in a seal-skin bag, and has been selling fair breezes to northern skippers at so much a puff, asserting her powers so often, poor old soul, that she has got to half-believe them herself—conceive, I say, her feelings at seeing her customers watch the admiralty storm-signals, and con the weather reports in the *Times*. Conceive the feelings of Sir Samuel Baker's African friend, Katchiba, the rain-making chief, who possessed a whole houseful of thunder and lightning—though he did not, he confessed, keep it in a bottle as they do in England—if Sir Samuel had had the means, and the will of giving to Katchiba's negroes a course of lectures on electricity, with appropriate experiments, and a real bottle full of real lightning among the foremost.

CCXL.

Science, as yet, has withstood both terrors and blandishments. In old times, she endured being imprisoned and slain. She came to life again. Perhaps it was the will of Him in whom all things live, that she should live. Perhaps it was his spirit which gave her life.

She can endure, too, being starved. Her votaries have not as yet cared much for purple and fine linen, and sumptuous fare. There are a very few among them, who, joining brilliant talents to solid learning, have risen to deserved popularity, to titles, and to wealth. But even their labors, it seems to me, are never rewarded in any proportion to the time and the intellect spent on them, nor to the benefits which they bring to mankind; while the great majority, unpaid and unknown, toil on, and have to find in science her own reward. Better, perhaps, that it should be so. Better for science that she should be free, in holy poverty to go where she will and say what she knows, than that she should be hired out at so much a year to say things pleasing to the many, and to those who guide the many. And so, I verily believe, the majority of scientific men think. There are those among them who have obeyed very faithfully St. Paul's precept, "No man that warreth entangleth

himself with the affairs of this life." For they have discovered that they are engaged in a war—a veritable war—against the rulers of darkness, against ignorance and its twin children fear and cruelty. Of that war they see neither the end nor even the plan. But they are ready to go on; ready, with Socrates, "To follow reason whithersoever it leads;" and content, meanwhile, like good soldiers in a campaign, if they can keep tolerably in line, and use their weapons, and see a few yards ahead of them through the smoke and the woods. They will come out somewhere at last; they know not where nor when: but they will come out at last into the daylight and the open field; and be told then—perhaps to their own astonishment—as many a gallant soldier has been told, that by simply walking straight on and doing the duty which lay nearest them, they have helped to win a great battle, and slay great giants, earning the thanks of their country and of mankind.

CCXLI.

Science is, I verily believe, like virtue, its own exceeding reward. I can conceive few human states more enviable than that of the man to whom panting in the foul laboratory, or watching for his life under tropic forest, Isis shall for a moment

lift her sacred veil, and show him, once and forever, the thing he dreamed not of; some law, or even mere hint of a law, explaining one fact; but explaining with it a thousand more, connecting them all with each other, and with the mighty whole, till order and meaning shoots through some old chaos of scattered observations.

Is not that a joy, a prize, which wealth cannot give, nor poverty take away. What it may lead to, he knows not. Of what use it may become, he knows not. But this he knows, that somewhere it must lead; of some use it will be. For it is a truth; and having found a truth, he has exercised one more of the ghosts which haunt humanity. He has left one object less for man to fear; one object more for man to use. Yes, the scientific man may have this comfort, that whatever he has done, he has done good; that he is following a mistress who has never yet conferred aught but benefits on the human race.

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